THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Asylum Expels the Doctor

Hitler and his followers now have the distinction of having made it impossible for the two greatest living scientists—Einstein and Freud—to work at peace in their native countries. By the exercise of diplomatic pressure, Dr. Freud's professional followers in Great Britain, France and the United States have opened the way for the eighty-two-year-old father of psychoanalysis to migrate to England with his immediate family and some of his books and papers, but penniless and without other possessions. His publishing house is destroyed; the psychoanalytic works in both Berlin and Vienna have been burned. The official Nazi pronouncement refers to this department of medicine contemptuously as a "pornographic Jewish specialty." One must give the Nazis credit for recognizing their most dangerous opponents. They can deal with political intrigue and military force on something like equal terms, but their credo could never survive the free play of the mind. Whether the human intelligence penetrates the secrets of the external universe, as has Einstein's, or the dark mysteries of the personality, as has Freud's, it is the deadly foe of the kind of reaction and brutality on which fascism feeds. Not only can Freud understand the twisted development that produces the insanity of a Hitler, but the clues he has provided hold a promise in the long run of making such dangerous individuals rarer and less effective in human affairs. Unfortunately, for the present, the inmates of the asylum have expelled the physician. There is heroic drama in the confrontation between the gentle doctor in London and the paranoid dictator in Berlin.

Air Bombing and Hypocrisy

In Spain and China the technique of attempted terrorization from the air has now been used on a greater scale than ever before. Repeated bombings of Alicante, Barcelona and other Spanish cities and of Canton in China have killed and wounded many thousands. No one knows exactly how many, since the survivors are too busy to count them, but the number is estimated in the neighborhood of 7,000 in a week. In both cases, the effort is to bring the war to an end by such excesses of cruelty that the defenders' spirit will be broken. In neither case has this happened and in Spain the bombings by Italians and Germans have probably weakened Franco, since some of his Spanish followers have apparently been unable to stand calmly by and see Spanish women and children slaughtered. The British and American governments have simultaneously protested these actions, and Britain proposes a committee of inquiry into happenings whose facts are already plain enough. Neither of these great powers comes to this matter with clean hands. Great Britain is Franco's secret ally; for many months she has done everything possible to help him to victory. It is nauseating hypocrisy for her now to complain that while it is all right to murder the Spanish people, it should be done politely and with the aid of an anesthetic. As for the United States, we continue to sell war materials to Japan in the largest quantities she will buy.

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Figures just published show that she is making heavy purchases of airplanes in this country, while President Roosevelt continues to flout the neutrality law that, if enforced, would prevent our being her accessory.

The Strategy of Terrorism

Franco's offensive southward toward Castellon and Sagunto is making but tardy progress, a fact which must be attributed to a variety of causes. First, must be counted the reinforcement of the Loyalist air power, since air superiority at the crucial point is now a *sine qua non* of successful offensive operations. Second, is Franco's shortage of infantry, indicating a weak point in the system of highly trained, small professional armies—that infantry losses in battle rapidly reduce the proportion of trained men to the multitudinous material. This forecasts for future wars a more highly organized system for training infantry reserves and filling the gaps promptly. Third, are the dissensions in the Rebel rear areas, which are reported as resulting from Italian and German arrogance, but are likely to have a deeper-seated cause in Italian and German ruthlessness. The bombings of Spanish cities continue, and a recent dispatch by Harold Callender to The New York Times (with due allowance for censorship) makes it clear that these bombings are not popular in Nationalist Spain; in fact every attempt is made to keep them from becoming too widely known. Franco's excuse to the Pope that he did not approve but was unable to control his allies may have more truth in it than scoffers have believed. The extension of such raids into French territory lends color to the theory that they are being undertaken as part of a deliberate policy of terrorism on the part of the totalitarian powers, who know well that the air threat is the only military threat which they can at present make good against the great democracies. It is the bitter misfortune of the people of Loyalist Spain that they must serve as guinea pigs for this exposition of brutality.

Puzzle Department

We confess to a good deal of bewilderment arising from utterances and actions by officials in the Department of State. Sumner Welles warns us not to express disapproval of the practices of other countries, since it might get us into trouble. We have no business, it seems, to be annoyed by the crimes of the Nazis and the Fascists. Almost immediately thereafter Secretary Hull warns us against isolation, saying that we cannot be indifferent to dangers to peace arising anywhere in the world. And Francis Sayre subsequently iterates the same theme. The Department meanwhile expresses its strong intention to safeguard American property in China, and exacts from Japan a promise that all such property will be returned after the war. The Department is also considering some new action, on the invitation of Great Britain, in reference to the bombings of civilian populations in Spain by German, Italian and Spanish Fascists, and in China by Japanese. But the Department stoutly resists the selling of arms to those who are fighting the Fascist bombings in Spain and persists in refusing to apply, by invoking the Neutrality Act, a ban on the sale of arms and airplanes to the Japanese aggressor. What does it all mean? We hereby offer a prize of a ten years' free subscription to The New Republic to anyone who can give us a logical explanation of our present foreign policy.

Medical Reform and the AMA

The conservative group in the American Medical Association comes to this year's annual convention faced with stronger opposition than ever before. All over the country, individual physicians or local associations are in revolt against the social views of the controlling clique. Much of this opposition centers upon Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of The American Medical Association Journal. The spearhead of the rebellion is the "Committee of 430" (actually now more than 700) which includes such well known persons as Dr. Russell Cecil of Cornell, Dr. Hugh Cabot of the Mayo Clinic and Dr. Milton Winternitz and Dr. John Peters of Yale.

What the criticism comes down to is the statement that American medicine must take care of the health of the American people, and if the present system does not do this job well enough, something further must be done. The average physician is idle one-third of his time, waiting for patients, yet among all Americans with small incomes (the great majority of the population) one-third pass through a serious illness without any medical care at all. Illness costs the country nearly $5,000,000,000 annually, and a large part of this could be avoided if the doctors could spend their time chiefly keeping people well rather than curing illness.

At the moment, the struggle within the ranks of the doctors is mainly over "contract medicine." Many thousands of Americans today pay a lump annual fee for complete, or nearly complete, medical, dental and hospital service, and find this system so satisfactory that it is rapidly expanding. The medical associations, however, are doing what they can to prevent it by dismissing from their ranks, and otherwise penalizing, doctors who participate. The AMA convention will show us how far the revolt has gone, and what form it is likely to take.

Starving the Libraries

Within a few days, the librarians of the United States will meet in their annual convention. It is the first since the beginning of the new depression, and it is safe to predict that reports from the field will be far from encouraging. Once again, library funds are being cut throughout the country. This is true whether the chief source of these funds is private benevolence,

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philanthropic foundations or municipal taxes. More than a third of all Americans—about 45,000,000 people—have no library facilities of any kind. In West Virginia, this is true of 88 percent of the population, in Arkansas 85, in North Dakota 81. Even in the states which do far better (Delaware, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut and California are at the top of the list) difficulties are experienced. Books wear out and are not replaced; money for new volumes is inadequate. In this emergency, the librarians are very properly turning to the state governments and to Washington. Every argument in favor of help from these sources for public-school education applies equally well to aid for the libraries. A number of states are already appropriating substantial sums to bring books to all their citizens, and a bill is now pending in Congress for help by Uncle Sam. These measures deserve support from everyone who believes, with whatever reservations, that "You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

News Notes of a Week

Japanese troops pushed the Chinese back along the Lung-Hai Railroad during the week ending June 7, and it was considered probable that Chengchow would fall, and Hankow not long thereafter. Military observers thought the Chinese might abandon trench warfare and resistance by masses of infantry, and seek to wear the foe down by guerilla tactics, while placing their chief reliance on Japan's increasing internal difficulties. . . . The dismal farce of the Non-Intervention Committee in Spain continued. Soviet Russia at last consented to the resumption of neutral observers along the land frontier, provided the seaports were also supervised. . . . Two wars threatened in South America, one between Ecuador and Peru and the other between Bolivia and Paraguay. . . . An American, John G. Winant, was elected head of the International Labor Office in Geneva. . . . The United States and Britain came to an agreement on battleships, which are to be limited to 45,000 tons and 16-inch guns.

At home, the wages-and-hours bill encountered stormy going in the joint committee asked to compromise the House and Senate versions, with threats of a filibuster by conservative Southerners demanding a wage differential. . . . Senator Guy Gillette won in the Iowa primary over Representative Otha Wearin, who was supported by Harry Hopkins and James Roosevelt, and enemies of the New Deal gleefully interpreted this as a rebuke to the President. . . . After all these years, a pure-food-and-drug bill was in its final stages, with the likelihood it would contain a joker permitting overthrow of important sections by court action. . . . Figures were published showing a startling increase in rayon imports from Japan, suggesting that some persons who have boycotted Japanese silk may unwittingly be using Nipponese products after all.

Mayor Hague's Long Shadow

NEW JERSEY continues to make news. One of Mayor Hague's political opponents is now in prison for a six months' term, on a trumped-up charge of disturbing the peace. Another has just been put away for nine months for "election irregularities"—this in a city which is world-famous for the efficiency with which the Hague machine throws out the ballots of its opponents. The Hague contagion has spread to—or rather, has been deliberately planted in—the neighboring community of Newark. Norman Thomas, leader of the Socialist Party, having obtained a permit, attempted to speak in a park there. He was prevented from doing so by a "riotous disturbance," conducted with the evident approval of those police who were present. Thereafter, City Commissioner Joseph Byrne Jr., friend and admirer of Mayor Hague, announced that in future there will be no open-air meetings in Newark except those held by patriotic, fraternal and military organizations.

Meanwhile, Mayor Hague has been "vindicated" again by a great parade in his honor. It is reported that utmost pressure was brought to compel units of the National Guard and the WPA to march and that many employers ordered their workers to attend. Reports are circulated in Jersey City that Mayor Hague believes he has got hold of a wonderful political issue, and that he dreams of making Governor A. Harry Moore President of the United States by skillful use of it. He can count on the support of the Catholic hierarchy and many of the Church's rank and file. He can count on all the shadow-boxing professional patriots and Red-witch-burners. He can count—unless they find a better candidate—on the embattled industrialists who, with Mayor Hague, hate the CIO and for the same reason: that it fights for better hours, wages and working conditions.

While this goes on Attorney General Cummings, who announced with a fanfare that he would investigate Jersey City, has not lifted a finger to do so. Hague continues as vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee and the bosom friend of President Roosevelt's bosom friend, Postmaster General James A. Farley. The Jersey City Mayor is the dispenser of federal patronage for northern New Jersey. He controls the WPA in that area.

It is easy to say that those whose civil rights are trampled upon by Hague can take their troubles to the courts. But what are the facts? If there is any justice to be obtained in this matter from the New Jersey courts, we do not see how. Burkitt and Longo were railroaded to prison by Hague-controlled courts. Norman Thomas, before attempting to speak, sought an injunction in the New Jersey Supreme Court against interference with his constitutional rights. Chief

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Justice Brogan arranged for a hearing by possible opponents of Mr. Thomas' motion—and set it for next October. The CIO brought suit in a federal court late in 1937, and the case has only just come to trial. When it was brought to the attention of the court that witnesses were reluctant to testify against Mayor Hague, for fear of reprisals, the presiding justice said sharply that no witness need have any such fear, that the court would protect every individual. But how, in sober fact, can a federal court protect an individual living in Jersey City from rulings that he has violated the fire law, from unfairly high valuation of his real property for taxation, from repeated arrests for alleged petty violations of the law, from secret boycott among his customers?

It is well to face frankly the fact that up to now, in the struggle between Mayor Hague and the supporters of civil liberties, the Mayor is the victor. By whatever means—and some of his devices parallel closely those used in their early days by Hitler and Mussolini—he has a majority of the population of Jersey City ostensibly with him. He basks in the continuing approval of President Roosevelt and his aides. Freedom of speech is still alien to Jersey City, and the suppression is spreading.

Battles are never won by troops that are not on the spot. Hagueism cannot be ended by successive safaris of New York City liberals who utter a few words in public and are then hustled out of town, with or without rotten eggs. There must be many persons in Jersey City and Newark who still believe in American principles. We have heard from some of them. Isn't it about time we heard from more?

The New Communist Line

ANYONE versed in public affairs who had revisited the United States after being absent and incommunicado for ten years, would have gaped open-mouthed at newspaper reports of the annual convention of the Communist Party. "United Front" tactics have now indeed been carried to their logical conclusion—though, to be sure, what has been done represents hardly any forward step beyond the practices of the last few years. Yet it is not without significance that both the speeches at the convention and the new constitution just adopted relegate the struggle for socialism so far to the background that one needs a telescope to see it at all.

The Party affirms its loyalty to the Constitution of the United States. Every member must be an American citizen or proclaim his intention of becoming one (this provision may be overlooked in the case of loyal members who are of Chinese, Japanese or Hindu origin and therefore ineligible for citizenship). The Party is no longer "a section" of the international party, but merely "affiliated with its fraternal Communist Parties of other lands through the Communist International." Whereas a few years ago many Communists sabotaged state and national elections, now every member is required to register and vote. He must also join a union if there is one appropriate to his trade.

Almost the only touch of the old venom comes in the statement that "no party member shall have personal or political relationship with confirmed Trotskyites, Lovestoneites or other known enemies of the Party and the working class." In general, the new aim, as Earl Browder said, is to carry forward "the traditions of Jefferson, Paine, Jackson and Lincoln and of the Declaration of Independence," and to uphold "the achievements of democracy, the rights of life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness and to defend the United States Constitution against its reactionary enemies who would destroy democracy and all popular liberty."

On its face, then, the Communist Party seems a good deal less revolutionary than the Socialists whom it was calling, four years ago, "Social Fascists." It appears to be roughly as far to the Left as the Roosevelt wing of the Democrats. But can these declarations be taken on their face? A hostile critic like Max Eastman believes the Communists are not being frank; in a letter to The Nation he argues that

> this is not an open political party presenting a candid program to the electorate but a secret society having plans not revealed to those who vote. Americans who really believe in democracy are entitled to know that the heads of this secret society were designated by a foreign dictator, are removable by him, and take orders on all vital questions from his headquarters. . . . The difference between a fascist party and a Bolshevik party which has abandoned its militant class program is—aside from problems of European nationalist diplomacy—not vital. Hitler and Mussolini adorn their assaults on free culture with the same vaguely intended proletarian and socialistic ideals that the Communists use. They win therewith the support of the same soft-headed "radicals." Their real program is power for the party, obedience to the leader and unlimited Machiavellianism as to ways and means.

These are of course the words of a bitter enemy who has been attacked with corresponding bitterness by the Communists. Even if Mr. Eastman were wholly correct, it would be well to remember that a sinister ulterior purpose that remains hidden away in a dark closet is reasonably sure in the course of time to wither and die of neglect. What people do shapes their character far more than the preliminary intention with which they embark upon their course. It is simple nonsense to say that the present actions of America's 75,000 Communists (about one-tenth of one percent of the voting population) are more on the side of fascism than of democracy. In instance after instance

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they have fought and are fighting for civil liberties, for union principles, for social legislation. It would be ridiculous for others to abandon their beliefs simply because these are now supported by Communists. When the Communists come to the aid of what we regard as a worthy cause, we propose to welcome their help as we would that of anyone else. If they advocate what we consider wrong, we shall attack them as we would anyone else. We do not believe American democracy is endangered by the use of such tactics on either side.

The Case of Dr. Conant

THE SPECIAL COMMITTEE of faculty members appointed by President James B. Conant of Harvard University has delivered its report on the departure of Dr. J. Raymond Walsh and Dr. Alan R. Sweezy from the teaching staff of the Department of Economics. In April, 1937, the news that Walsh and Sweezy, both prominent members of the Cambridge Union of University Teachers, had received two-year terminating appointments began a public controversy of national interest. The primary issue at the time was the question of academic freedom. Had Harvard given these instructors notice because of their work for the Teachers' Union? Had the "unorthodoxy" of their economic views influenced the administration's decision? Was Dr. Walsh being rebuked for his attack on President Emeritus Lowell a few weeks before at the legislative hearing on the child-labor amendment? In order to settle the grave doubts that existed about the reasons for the action President Conant appointed the committee of nine senior professors which has just completed its year's investigation. But the published report, which includes an introductory letter by Dr. Conant, raises questions more important than the ones it answers.

The committee of nine has done an able job of research and judgment. It concludes that while "neither candidate suffered any denial or abridgment whatever of the rights of academic freedom," the action of the University was "unwise" and "unjust"; it recommends therefore that Drs. Walsh and Sweezy, both inspiring and able teachers, be reinstated. The joker lies in Dr. Conant's accompanying letter in which, speaking for the Harvard Corporation, he announces with regret and without explanation that the recommendation is to be ignored.

To a great many people who have followed President Conant's career at Harvard, his decision to dismiss the advice of the distinguished committee of nine came as small surprise. It was more surprising to read that the committee believes there was no suggestion, however remote, that either the participation of these men in the labor movement or their social and economic views was responsible for their fate. Behind this belief lies a complicated story of the Harvard method of faculty appointments, of the criteria for advancement, of an important misunderstanding between the Department of Economics on one hand and President Conant and the administration on the other. Conant had ruled that for the two-year period, 1936-38, the Economics Department could recommend only two of its seven faculty instructors for promotion. To the President this meant that only two of the seven instructors were to be retained for more than a short period on the teaching staff at all; that the remaining five would be required to seek appointments elsewhere. His interpretation was well in keeping with Harvard's policy that it is unfair to young faculty members to keep them on if they are not sure of reasonably rapid promotion, though it was restricting to the function of the Department, in view of the students' interest in the social sciences. But President Conant's interpretation was never made clear to the members of the Department, who understood that while only two instructors might be promoted, the rest could be retained with the same status until they had had an adequate chance to prove further their value to the University. On the basis of this confusion the Department voted to promote two of the seven instructors, in view of their published scholarship, and to give Drs. Walsh and Sweezy three-year appointments—an indication that judgment was to be suspended on their scholarly abilities. The Department had no idea that its vote was to determine which two of the men should remain.

Thus the blame for the dismissals, the committee finds, falls upon this administrative misunderstanding, and the question of academic freedom, happily, is beside the point. There is no proof that the "heresies" of Dr. Walsh and Dr. Sweezy were involved, to be sure, but neither is there proof that President Conant was unaware of the Department's misunderstanding. A university president's job is to see that faculty affairs are managed without confusion.

There is a possibility that this misunderstanding was the chief cause of the dismissals and the accident might be so excused. But we can see no possible justification for President Conant's refusal to reinstate the two teachers as the committee recommends, and he has offered none. Since one of the two instructors who received promotions has now resigned, there is a vacancy for which Drs. Walsh and Sweezy are the logical candidates. When he appointed the committee of nine, President Conant said that there was ample time to reopen the cases if the report warranted it. There is still time and the report most emphatically does justify a reopening, yet Dr. Conant seems satisfied with things as they are. Apparently the shotgun went off entirely by accident but managed, by pure chance, to shoot the right men.

The committee of nine is still at work preparing a

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second chapter of its report, this time on a question of basic importance to Harvard's future. It is examining the validity of the criteria for faculty promotion. Is productive scholarship properly a prerequisite to promotion? What are the relative weights to be assigned to teaching ability and scholarship in estimating the value of a teacher to the university? And since President Conant's autocratic overruling of the committee's recommendation is bound to bring his whole philosophy of administration into question, we may obtain the answers to still more pressing inquiries. Has President Conant any right to attempt to curb student interest in the social sciences by reducing the personnel in that field? Is the uniform conservatism of the Harvard economic faculty a matter of policy or coincidence? In either case, is it damaging to the university? Should a university president respect the views of his leading faculty members, or is he justified in following only the dictates of his own opinions? In the course of such an examination we may run squarely into the question of whether, as an individual, President Conant is the right sort to manage one of our most respected universities.

The Court Is Reformed

WHILE CONSERVATIVES were pouncing on the administration for opposing in the primaries Democrats who had saved the "independence of the judiciary" by voting against the President's plan for reforming the Supreme Court, the Supreme Court itself adjourned a term in which its decisions overwhelmingly favored the New Deal and showed an almost complete reversal of the tendency which had caused the President to attack it. Of the cases argued and decided on their merits, the government won 77 percent. This contrasted with the disastrous term of 1935-36, in which the government's percentage of wins was only 49. More significant than the figures is the fact that in almost every important and critical case the government has been upheld. The National Labor Relations Board came through with almost a clear record, in spite of the power and prestige of its opponents. The TVA and the SEC were likewise successful. The only setback of importance was in the Kansas City stockyards case, and this was on a procedural point in a suit begun under the Hoover administration; the validity of the law in question was not fundamentally weakened, and it was not a New Deal law anyway.

This reversal cannot be attributed solely to the fact that because of retirements the President has had the opportunity to appoint two new Justices of more liberal views. Mr. Justice Black did not participate in some of the decisions, and Mr. Justice Reed was debarred from participating in still more, because of the lateness of his appointment and his absence when the cases were heard or his part in preparing them. Moreover, Mr. Justice Cardozo, one of the liberals of longer standing, was ill and inactive during a greater part of the term. The central fact is that the balance of power of the old Court has changed its outlook, or at least its tactics.

Does not this record supply good evidence that in spite of the loss of his battle in Congress, the President won the campaign? The Court has wisely understood the necessity of yielding to insistent popular pressure, as an agency of an essentially democratic government. In commenting on this fact, we may recall a few of the observations from our editorial "Curbing the Supreme Court," published February 17, 1937, immediately after the announcement of the President's proposal:

> The Court is not an infallible and wholly independent agency of government dispensing absolute justice, but a body which, according to its lights, frequently makes political decisions. . . .
>
> In view of the blockade that the Court had erected against the action of government in dealing with the tasks thrust upon it in the modern world, something had to be done.
>
> This is essentially a political job, in the sense that it must spring from and emphasize the will of the people. . . . Some effective way or ways must be found of registering a national desire that the Court act differently at the present time. . . . The nature of the specific means is less important than the pressure itself. The very fact that a series of reactionary decisions led to a strongly supported proposal to pack the Court will of itself, no matter what happens as a result of this bill, exert a potent influence on the Court in the future. The learned Justices are bound to be a little more careful not to clothe their private prejudices in the Constitution, or to veto in the name of that broad document measures that the nation has decided it needs.

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Editors
BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

Assistant Editors: OTIS FERGUSON ELIZABETH HULING

Contributing Editors
H. N. BRAILSFORD HEYWOOD BROUN JOHN T. FLYNN
WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN W. P. MANGOLD
JON. MITCHELL LEWIS MUMFORD R. G. TUGWELL

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

E. G. WOOD, *Advertising Manager* — BYRON DEXTER, *Circulation Manager*

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Italian Notebook: 1938

THE STREETS OF FLORENCE are damp with fog and the old women who sell chestnuts sit huddled in their shawls. They hold their hands over their little charcoal furnaces and rub them together and nearly all of them wear wedding rings of whitish metal to take the place of the gold ones they have given to the state. These rings, called "fascist bands of honor," are worn throughout Italy by men and women of all classes. The marriage of the state to the individual, even symbolically, has been made complete.

It is hard to tell about this cold. It is not like the swift knifing cold of the American prairies. It is not like the bright shining cold of the green Appalachians. It is a slow crawling cold of dampness and fog.

At first, when you go into the streets, you hardly notice it. There are things in Florence that make you forget the cold. But slowly, little by little, it creeps into you. It is like the way the fog from the Mississippi creeps into the waterfront streets in the early hours of morning. In the end you are cold all over. Your body aches for the sun.

That is the way it is with this regime. At first, when you go into Italy, you hardly notice it. There is more in Italy than this regime. But slowly, little by little, it sinks into your awareness. It is not only the soldiers and the uniforms and the little boys drilling. It is not only the banners and the inscriptions on the walls and the vast domed forehead of Il Duce. It is something you cannot touch and cannot hear and cannot see. It is some dark blight on the human spirit. It is a cold black shadow on the land. Slowly it sinks into you, little by little, and in the end you are cold all over. You ache for the American sun.

Yesterday we rode in the *automotrice* from Florence to Siena. An *automotrice* is a sort of combination day-coach and motor-bus that runs on tracks. This particular one was crowded, and since the day was wet and windy, all the windows were tightly shut. We all sat in a noisy chattering steamy intimacy, the two foreigners stared and stared at, a salesmany-looking man nodding on the seat facing us and beside him a little girl of eleven or twelve holding her school-bag, very grave and beautiful, with enormous sea-green eyes.

This being a local *automotrice,* we stopped at every station: and if you are merely seeking the sinister in Italy, you can go to the first railroad station, take one good look at the military sentries who are always there, and go back home. The first time I saw these sentries, in Genoa, I got my first chill from this regime: and not just because they looked like old playmates of Dutch Schultz either. No, it was simply that they were there: booted, belted, revolvers slung over their shoulders, the skirts of their green overcoats flaring.

Why are these sentries at every railroad station? The principal reason, though I am leaving out a lot of complications, is because even Italians, traveling in Italy, must have a card of identification similar to a passport: and if they haven't—well, that's one case where the military comes in.

I am not building up, however, to any dramatic climax. No one's papers were found to be out of order, no one was brutally treated, no one was discovered as a spy. All that happened was that three of the military got on the *automotrice* at a little country station to ride the rest of the way to Siena. They got on and the car started and the little girl looked at them with her grave and beautiful eyes and then, very suddenly, five or six men began hailing the soldiers as though they were their brothers who had not been home in years and years. I watched them, wishing I could understand all they said, the few words and phrases I caught being like a hole in a circus tent, just enough to make you want to hear and see more, recalling the stressed politeness, the almost servile but smiling deference, that the military and particularly the officers of the military, are accorded all over Italy: and then, stubbornly refusing to accept the handy idea of brute force, of crushing suppression and nothing else, seeking for some point of reference in my previous experience, I remembered the "Elysian Fields."

The "Elysian Fields" was a gang of boys in New Orleans who took their name from a street in our neighborhood. For "Elysian Fields," I said to myself, substitute "Fascism." And in place of Tick Meagan—Tick being the leader of the "Elysian Fields"—put the title Il Duce. It is not an exact analogy, no analogy ever is, but it is more helpful in trying to tell what it is like in Italy than all the empty and hackneyed propaganda words.

The "Elysian Fields," and they were nobody's sissies either, controlled a certain neighborhood. Here that neighborhood becomes all of Italy. If you belonged to the "Elysian Fields," as I did not, you had certain rights and privileges: just like the military and the bureaucracy here. The boys in the gang, to identify themselves, used to print an EF in a circle on their forearms. In Italy that encircled EF has been glorified into the whole dazzling array of Fascist uniforms.

The "Elysian Fields," also, and this is what I would stress, were the pride, the enormous irrational ridiculous pride, of practically all the kids in the neighborhood. These kids had to pay tribute to get across the

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railroad tracks to school, a nickel a week—or else; they had to divide their lunches whenever the "Elysian Fields" felt unusually hungry, often going without any lunch at all; they had to take long devious detours to avoid meeting some member of the gang who was "looking" for them—they had to do all these things and others, and yet, despite this "brutal domination," they were as proud of the "Elysian Fields" as if they were in the gang themselves.

This is why.

The "Elysian Fields" was the gang of "our" neighborhood. Whenever it emerged victorious from a rock-fight, driving off the "Irish Channels" or the "Basin Blues," all the other kids, the "exploited and oppressed" ones, gained a sort of vicarious triumph. "Our" gang had won. There would always be a celebration on the wharves after one of these victories, the "Elysian Fields" hailed as heroes, all full of boasting and bragging, and it was always the non-gang kids who did most of the celebrating: even though one of them invariably got bashed for popping off his mouth too much.

The "Elysian Fields," too, had a large number of hangers-on: practically all the kids in the school. The young ones (in Italy they call them the Sons of the Wolf) used to hang around the boys in the gang in wonder and awe and admiration, hoping that some day they too would belong to the gang. The few independent spirits, and there were a few, had a very unhappy time of it.

It is not, as I have said, exactly an analogy, for the "Elysian Fields" never indulged in murder or imprisonment, but that is something of the way it is like in Italy. This regime has turned most of the Italian people, a people of charm and warmth who are the direct inheritors of much that is finest in our history, into the camp-followers of a tough and ruthless gang. I have no doubt that they grumble, I know full well that they do, but most of them, while grumbling, are proud of the gang as well. The ones who are *not* proud, the men of independent spirit, are nowhere to be found. They are silent or not alive.

Every large newsstand in Rome is displaying last week's copy of Time: carrying a colored reproduction of Peter Blume's painting "The Eternal City." At first I thought that they had certainly ripped out a few pages, but no, they hadn't. So here is Great Caesar being portrayed as a green bug-eyed Jack-in-the-Box in his own home town. They must not mind (though you would think they would have sense enough to know that people do not have to understand a foreign language in order to *look*), but every time I see the magazine lying on the table I feel a little uncomfortable. It's all right, I keep saying to myself, of course it's all right, but suppose they *should* come up here and find it. They would like that, wouldn't they? Oh, they would like it, all right. They would like it, as some very authentic character said in a film, right down to the ends of their blackjacks.

Caesar simply does not have bug-eyes in Italy. They have even, though it is hard to believe, done a pretty good job of toning down his chin. What a vast, yes, what a noble brow he has as he pores over a volume of the "Italian Encyclopedia." How serene is his countenance as he examines an antique coin. What mystic brooding is in his eyes as he stares out over a wheatfield. Good Caesar, kind Caesar, noble Caesar. So loving-seeming, how could he be but loved? Yet, though you would be mistaken to think that his features meet you everywhere you turn, good Caesar's pan is much too much in evidence. In time you may get used to it, just as the Russians probably get used to pictures of Uncle Joe Stalin and the Germans to That Moustache, but always, inevitably, there must be an after-image upon the retina of your mind. Which, indeed, is exactly as it should be. For Caesar, though he moves in human shape, has come like a God among us: and, baby, if you have any doubts about it, read the new Decalogue he issued yesterday for his militia: the Ten Commandments brought up to date. They all make you blink but it's the last one that strikes you numb. *Mussolini ha sempre ragione.* There it is. Printed in capital letters. *Mussolini is always right.* That's what you have to swallow: that or castor oil.

There was the rattle of machine guns when he arrived, fired within the Colosseum, and cannon boomed on the Velian Hill. He took his place on the embankment where once stood the Temple of Venus—*Viva!* the crowd shouted, *Viva Il Duce!*—and his legions marched before him. This was the first time they publicly demonstrated, after much rehearsing and a few private performances, the latest triumph of this regime. It is called the *Passo Romano:* which, to quit the kidding, means the goose-step. The local historians have been trying to prove that the goose-step was invented by the Octavian legions, but me, well it seemed to me that if our best Broadway minds started out to burlesque this regime, anxious to reveal its essential hollowness, they could not do half so well as this. When the first columns came past I wanted to laugh, I wanted to but quickly didn't, you just don't laugh when you want to, see, but as the cheering grew louder the legions grew funnier, row upon row of exaggerated chest expansions and one boy with a monocle who damned near thumped his hat off, Caesar swayback in Black Shirt uniform with his fists on his hips, and in the end, watching him closely, I think that even he realized he had not opened a Standing Room Only show. After the legions were all massed before him—*Viva!* the crowd shouted, *Viva Il Duce!*—after each man had drawn his dagger and the multitude was still, Caesar spoke. And Caesar, when he began to

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speak, reminded me of someone I had seen before.

He talked in a strident, thick-necked voice, something about having no doubts and peace and the new step being the quintessence of militarism, but I did not get it all. I did not care. I wanted to see Caesar and I had seen him and he was not Caesar at all. He was only an Italian Kingfish. He was only a bigger and better version of Huey Long.

He finally stopped talking, asking the crowd if it understood, the crowd yelling back *Si! Si! Viva Il Duce!* and after it was all over I walked by myself. I ended up in the Ancient Forum, thinking about what I had just seen, about all I had seen in Italy. It was as though I had come down a long channel of time. I thought again of Caesar, of all the Caesars this land has known, the triumphs and tyrannies, the shouting crowds—*Viva! Viva Il Duce!*—and the meaning of the wasted stone about me suddenly became very clear: Once the Republic was ended, it never was restored.

HAMILTON BASSO

Runaway Factory

IN THE BACKWATERS of industry, on the last pages of the newspapers, are the small plants, of about 300 people, which still employ one-third of all American industrial workers. Throughout the country many of these small industries are constantly wandering, looking for some haven of low wages, some Sleepy Hollow with no CIO. They leave stranded thousands of workers who are eventually forced on the relief rolls. In the last fifteen years two-thirds of New England's cotton spindles have moved South to take advantage of the large army of tenant farmers and hill-billies. In 1935, 150 factories of various kinds, employing more than 15,000 people, left New York City alone. The exodus today is mainly across the Hudson, in answer to the call of Mayor Hague, and whether New Yorkers realize it or not, they pay for the exodus: their city must help stand the relief of every worker who is so deserted.

Why do factories leave home? What happens to them? What happens to the workers left behind?

Consider the case of Abraham Levine's Presto Lock. When the boycott on German goods was launched, Presto Lock took over the foreign trade and expanded into a corporation. Soon Abraham Levine had a practical monopoly on luggage and handbag locks. In 1933 he moved over to an industrial building that stood tall and square on the damp coffee-smelling flats under the Brooklyn end of the Manhattan bridge. He was working all year now, with a full night shift, and needed new help. The foreman made friends with the neighboring boys and girls: Spaniards, Jews, Germans, Italians, Scandinavians, Negroes, Filipinos, Poles and Greeks—they were all glad to come and do piecework at Presto.

In the toolroom were the skilled diemakers; in the power-press room were fifty men stamping out skeletons from strips of steel and brass. Business was good, the presses were alway running, and there was no time to keep the machines in repair, so six boys lost fingers. In the polishing room were fifty men rubbing the bars of steel and brass with cotton and emery wheels like the fast electric spools the shoemakers use. Dust and steel powder settled in the room, and if a fellow held the bar too loosely to the wheel, chances were that it would jump back and cut his eye. In the lacquer and electro-plating departments fifty men in rubber boots and aprons dipped the steel and brass forms into boiling tanks of cyanide, potash, nitric acid, ammonia and cobalt. On a clear day they could open the windows, but when it was foggy the windows had to be closed tight for the work would "blush." Girls wired the metal pieces for the gold-lacquer spray—twenty-five of them packed together in a small room admitting, on one side, the dust from the polishing room, on the other, the fumes from the plating room.

In the assembly room were more than a hundred men and women putting together the twelve different items that make a Presto lock. In the stockroom were four college students who were lucky enough to pass the math exam for weighing and counting. They handled twelve tons of work daily, measuring to ounces and fractions of a gross.

Pay varied, not only from department to department, but from man to man. They were working forty hours a week after the NRA came, but the foreman kept private piecework accounts so nobody knew how much he did and how much he made until he was handed $10 or $12 at the end of the week. Only the toolroom and plating departments worked on time, but they were paid only two hours' straight time if they worked until eight or ten at night. The press-room workers made $16 or $17 per week; the wiring-room girls averaged $11, the polishers sometimes made $12. Skilled machinists made 50 or 55 cents an hour. The girls' earnings were dependent more upon the favor of the foreman than upon the amount of work they did.

By 1935 all the departments had joined the A. F. of L.'s International Association of Machinists. The foreman had tried to put over a phony union but none of the help listened to his talk of foreign agitators. Didn't all of them speak different languages in the first place? Levine was too busy to stop the union, just as he was too busy to fix the machines. Besides he was

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in favor of unions, having once been a Socialist. When they had first started to organize and had issued a leaflet demanding a 20-percent raise, he had come to the leaders, put his arms around their shoulders and promised them all plenty of money. Many workers tore up their books then, and many of the foreman's boys and girls had hesitated to join, not wanting to appear ungrateful. But it was as necessary to join the union as it was to build a house for protection against the elements; it was the natural thing and everybody did it. They argued the boss into steady wages, accurate piecework accounts, time-and-a-half for overtime. They even protested against the speed-up.

"Speed-up, speed-up!" said the boss. "Don't give me that Marxism, I want facts."

But they pressed the point. He even began to repair the machines and was constantly fixing the plant. In some cases wages were forced up 100 percent. Under the union the power-press workers made $28 or $30 for a forty-hour week; the wiring-room girls often made $28; the polishers $30. The boss had to give in to the union's demands because he had more orders than he could possibly fill. Canada, California and even Australia demanded Presto locks. Every once in a while the boys and girls would stop working and hold up production. It was easier to give in to them. But not too far.

In 1936 they joined the CIO's United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers' Union. When they worked out a contract the following summer and presented it to Levine, he was taken aback. Why did they have to write things down in black and white? Didn't they trust him? Wasn't he always good to them? They wanted a union and now they had it. When they got married he gave them wedding checks. (They were all about twenty-two or three and when they built up a strong union everybody went ahead and got married.) Why all the formality?

But the union insisted. On August 10 they presented the contract. As Levine had the kind of hay fever that starts in the middle of August, he had to get off to the mountains for relief. When he came back several weeks later he said he wanted to try something new and different. He didn't want a closed shop, although he practically had one now, and he wanted to bring in a number of his relatives to learn the business from the ground up. He was training them to be executives, he said, and hence there would be no need for them to join the union. He also wanted the union to "transfer" several active members, and insisted that some department heads should stay out of the union.

As for wages, he was not earning enough to write a wages provision into the contract. The union promised to drop the question if he would prove his contention with a statement of his earnings. He refused.

After three and a half months of negotiation the union handed him an ultimatum. This was not answered. A strike was called for October 28, and the workers sat down that morning at nine o'clock, after an hour's work. Within a few days, however, they left the plant. Two weeks later, as some seventy-five pickets were moving ovalwise in front of the building, closely guarded by a dozen cops on the sidewalk and several mounties in the street, a large car pulled slowly to the curb. Three private detectives got out, then the foreman and a friend. At once the cops and the mounties closed in on the line, swung their clubs and smashed the ranks. Confusion for three minutes. Then the pickets resumed their marching.

From that three minutes' scuffle came a year's imprisonment for Joseph Holub, picket captain, and a riot indictment for nine pickets. Holub was pointed out after the police van was full. "We got to get that guy," said one of the cops. Of the other nine men, it was charged that one went after a private detective with his bare fists, one brandished a placard stick and a third threw a stone at the car. Yet all nine were indicted.

After the strikers were brought up in court, negotiations were reopened. During the fruitless discussions some of the boys checked up on one of the boss's executive relatives who had strangely disappeared. They drove out to his house one morning and followed his car. He went across the river, through Passaic to Garfield, a suburb in the textile country. Then it all came out. Levine had bought a plant there.

The boys went back to the negotiations. "I have to expand," said Levine. "Besides, you are criminals." He did not say that he could have rented another floor in the Gair Building, or that he had been secretly negotiating for the Garfield plant since July, 1936, long before the union had presented its contract, or that he had sneaked the machinery out during the strike.

So he moved out to the Garfield plant. He had bought it for $35,000, a dugout with slanting roofs and tiny round windows. It was so cheap because it was falling to pieces and nobody knows how much money he had to sink into it, perhaps ten or fifteen thousand dollars. If the mayor followed the New Jersey line, he probably granted Mr. Levine a tax concession. Costs were materially lower: the Garfield people, who camped outside the factory waiting for jobs, were willing to work for the pre-NRA rates of $10, $15 or $20 a week. A form letter was sent around to a selected group of New York workers, asking them if they cared to come back to work in Presto's fine new factory. The strike was called off by this time, and of the 300 Presto workers, only twenty-five skilled men had found jobs. The rest were mostly on relief; a few had unemployment insurance. The union could not place them, for it had long waiting lists, and now there is nothing for these young workers to do but dig in and try to wait out the depression. Almost any

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afternoon, if you visit the union headquarters on Fulton Street, you will find a lively group of boys and girls reading the papers, playing ping-pong, arranging for meetings and parties. Their union is holding together, perhaps for an even more fundamental reason than the hope that the NLRB will award them their back wages. For they built their union themselves and made it work.

Some seventy-five old Presto workers make the long trip to Garfield, get up every morning at five and pay the $3.70 carfare every week. But the carfare does not always amount to $3.70. Somehow the depression caught up with the lock industry too. Outside the Presto plant is a small printed sign: No More Help Wanted. No smoke curls from the chimney three times a week and the power presses are silent. Summer draws on, and Mr. Levine is due for his hay fever again, for the New Jersey workers are just as unreasonable as the Spaniards, Poles, Negroes and Jews of New York. Here they are, tramping down to the textile-union hall in Passaic, slowly but surely joining the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers' Union, CIO.

FELICE SWADOS

A New Deal for the Indian

THE INDIAN NEW DEAL has been meeting its share of trouble. He who dons the shoes of a Commissioner of Indian Affairs must walk on a road paved with Indian wrongs and grievances, and with the good intentions of a whole line of official predecessors, every one of whom has had his own ideas as to how to "save" our red brother. The Indian has been called Uncle Sam's Number One Problem.

John Collier, who in 1933 succeeded Charles Rhoads, the high-minded Quaker Commissioner of the Hoover administration, was picked for his job on his record as a hard fighter and sagacious and radical leader of the Indian cause. His appointment was urged by certain Southwest Indian groups of which he had been the advocate, during his decade as secretary of the American Indian Defense Association. Collier had been a fanatic in his devotion to Indian rights, a mystic in his faith in Indian racial and and cultural survival, an Indian "spokesman" and critic of the Bureau of unparalleled vocal powers. Many inarticulate Indians trusted him and called him "John." When he became the insider looking out, instead of the outsider looking in, he brought into the national consciousness the needs of a forgotten American at the opposite pole from the inarticulate Americans represented by Mr. John L. Lewis.

For the Indian is, before all else, the *unindustrialized* American. Collier knew it, and the far-reaching changes in Indian policy and practice which he is attempting—with the full support of Secretary Ickes—have their focus in the Indian's basic relation to earth. The pendulum has swung away from the historic policy of "Americanization" to its counterpole. Instead of trying to fit the Indian to the industrialized American pattern, the effort is to bring into potency again the whole range of native Indian values which center about the ownership and exploitation of land.

The Bureau of today takes counsel with ethnology and also tries to bring the Indian within the influence of modern technologies. If the Smithsonian Institution is in the picture, so is the Soil Conservation Service. This effort to weld the social pattern of the Indian past with the socialized program of the American present and future strikes at the very roots of the pass-the-buck-and make-the-best-of-it-because-nothing-can-be-done method of dealing with Indian affairs—a philosophy of despair endemic in the old Bureau.

Valuable employees who had become skeptical of all new ideas and confused as to where the path of progress lay were galvanized into activity and hope by a whole new corps of scientists who seemed to be fearless of experimentation. The Indians themselves were stirred out of their tragic distrust of government good will. Indians move slowly, are not impressed by words, require factual demonstration. They expect that all those who visit them in the name of the U.S.A. will make promises, depart and forget the promises. When Collier's program resolved itself into new lands and paid wage work they began to feel that Fate had at last taken a turning away from compulsive failure and inanition.

The Indian Commissioner has thus defined his objectives:

1. To move the Indian toward economic self-support, which includes furnishing land for subsistence to landless groups; furnishing agricultural credit and opportunities for technological training to Indians and assisting the development of the coöperative movement among Indians.

2. To speed up the final settlement of Indian tribal claims against the government.

3. To establish civil liberty, including group and cultural liberty, within a framework of continuing federal protection and assistance.

4. To establish conservation, through intelligent use by the Indians themselves, with government aid, of all Indian-owned natural resources. Indian land resources have dangerously deteriorated through misuse. Half the soil value of Indian range lands has been lost.

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5. Affirmatively to seek the conservation of the Indian social heritage ("culture") through finding ways to help it interact with the general life, in matters economic, political and esthetic. This includes as one element the protection of Indian ceremonial life; as another, the protection and reinvigoration of Indian arts and crafts; as another, the discovery and utilization, in a process of "indirect administration" of viable elements in the material, political and social culture of Indians.

6. So to decentralize Indian administration that programs and their fulfilment will be the responsibility of the local service personnel in continuous interaction with the organized Indians.

7. To recruit talent more practical and more creative for Indian service, and supply in-service training to Indian and white employees alike.

8. To abandon the tradition of Indian Office monopoly over the Indian Service, by drawing all available federal and state agencies into Indian Service. In important areas the Indian Service job is now a merger of the departments of Agriculture and the Interior (Navajo, Pueblo, Wyoming, Shoshone); in others it is a merger of the Interior Department with state departments of education, health, welfare, etc. (California, Minnesota, Wisconsin).

9. Finally, to substitute empirical for dogmatic methods in the whole field of Indian affairs. "Empirical method" means no one postulate about the native or future tendencies of Indians; it means moving in opposite directions in varying directions of Indian life and in varying phases of the life of any given tribe.

This program—which should be thought of as in experimental process—forces us to realize that the Indian tribesman is a definitely underprivileged American, with very human needs. He has an estate of still vast proportions, held in somewhat ironic "trust" in Washington,[1] and yet has never been able to go to the bank for credit; while in some places "his" employees dwell in beautiful buildings constructed from these same funds, he himself has an extremely low standard of living, somewhat ameliorated by government handouts like clothes and rations, but never stabilized on a self-supporting level or stimulated by a real sense of opportunity. He has a rich—but disintegrating—culture; beautiful crafts, no longer functional in his life. He tends to farm with antiquated methods and has proved a strikingly poor conservationist of land, forest and game. Enormous sums have been spent to educate him, quasi-academically, in special government schools, but this education has not adapted him economically, psychologically or technically for his real life.

Though there are more than three hundred and fifty thousand Indians, varying as the leaves of the trees in language, custom, and above all in degree of assimilation of white culture, this much is true of most of them. Every state in our land has some Indians. In states where Indian tribal lands have been largely allotted, many—but how many?—have passed over into the white population. In some few instances Indians are under state jurisdiction. Generally speaking, the Indian is Uncle Sam's ward. Twenty-nine percent of the wardship Indians live in Oklahoma; sixty-one percent in Oklahoma, South Dakota, Arizona and New Mexico. Theoretically the untaxed wardship Indian is a citizen and may vote. Apparently he does not largely exercise his political rights, probably for the same reason that the poor white does not vote—because of the poll tax, or the literacy test, and because he does not see the use of it. In two of these big home states—Arizona and New Mexico—he is in effect precluded from voting by state law.[1]

In these Southwest states still of pioneer temper, where Indians possess valuable ancestral lands and water holdings, and the benefits the untaxed Indian receives from Uncle Sam—like hospitals, schools—stand up like monuments in the land, the Indians are indeed interesting to the local politicians, and the Indians' watchdog, the Commissioner, must be eternally vigilant. As the Senate Indian Committee will not allow Congress to consider any bill not acceptable to the Senators of the state involved, one Senator may block the Bureau on a piece of legislation crucial to the Indians.[2] And yet the Commissioner himself, if he has a social philosophy, must concede that New Deal benefits, like submarginal, government-purchased lands, may not be reserved exclusively for Indians, but must be shared with other underprivileged groups.[3]

The breaking down of exclusivist, compartmented Bureau practice in matters like health, engineering, agriculture, and the decentralization of the Bureau, are two of Collier's best contributions to the administrative aspect of Indian affairs. How far the Bureau has traveled in giving the red man his day in court and his freedom to accept or reject will be understood if the official minutes of the perfunctory "Councils" of twenty years ago are compared with those of the Pueblo and Navajo Councils today. No Indian, not even the young educated one, finds it easy to speak his mind freely to a white official, but he is more free to do so than ever before in our history.

On the Navajo Reservation a major and delicate change in the tribal economy is in process under the combined direction of the Interior and Agriculture

[1] Indian tribal claims against the United States for misuse of tribal funds, etc., run to a billion and a half, of which only twenty million have been settled.

[1] In Arizona the Indian may not vote "if under wardship"; in New Mexico "unless taxed."

[2] Senator Chavez of New Mexico has thus held up the Navajo Boundary Bill, which seeks to extend the Eastern border of the Navajo reservation, where allotted Navajo Indian lands are checkerboarded with white stockmen's lands. The white stockmen oppose the bill. The Navajos advocate it.

[3] The Departments of the Interior and Agriculture, the Forest Service and Resettlement are thus studying the Rio Grande area, with a view to sharing certain land and water privileges between subsistence Indians and Spanish-Americans.

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Departments. Here the soil conservationist, who saw a growing tribe spilling over Reservation borders and herding its flocks on lands rapidly deteriorating through overgrazing, had to meet the mind of the nomadic, non-English-speaking herder in the distant canyon, bound in his ancient folkways, and ignorant of the implications of conservation. Though present regulations were endorsed by the Tribal Council across four and a half years and have never been rescinded, crucial difficulties have arisen in applying the enforced herd reductions agreed to by the Indians. Here the present is complex and the future unpredictable.

The Bureau's effort to bring more Indians into the Indian Service, and to bring cash to Indians, has been very popular with both young and old Indians. For the money income which wage work or crafts add to subsistence farming is the only known road to improving homes, food, farm equipment, and the Indians are desperately anxious today to improve their living standard.

The collective works undertaken out of relief funds included the construction of roads and buildings, and Emergency Conservation work. The Indian Emergency Conservation Work—paralleling the CCC and now merged with it—was planned like the Soil Conservation Service work with the Navajo, and elsewhere, as an education in many aspects of land conservation and management, forest protection and the like. Through the IECW field project, essential improvements for which Bureau budgets never sufficed were made throughout the Indian country. The ensuing wages helped the Indian to learn what money is good for and bad for—a spot where he needed education; in fact the very spot on which the former governmental policy of allotting tribal lands to Indians was most seriously wrecked.

As the Bureau now sees it, the Allotment Act, which permitted tribal lands to be divided among Indian individuals, generally resulted in social and cultural suicide for Indians—and offered white greed an easy road to land steals under cover of legality. It denuded Indians unprepared by education in citizenship of their land, or turned them into charges on the community; at best, into petty landlords; and saddled the Bureau with the incredible paper work of the heirship system, through which individually inherited Indian land has been minutely subdivided.

The Wheeler-Howard (or Indian Reorganization) Act, is the New Deal answer to the Allotment Act. This central pillar of the new policy, which in many parts of the Indian country is regarded as a sort of Magna Charta, seeks to make the Indian master in his own house again and to give him a chance to live there with independence and self-respect. It assumes that he is primarily a subsistence agriculturist or herder, whose economic security is bound up with the land ownership of a group. The Long Hairs everywhere regard a cornfield as a permanent possession, whereas a dollar melts in the pocket, and have received with enthusiasm the Bureau's endeavor to increase tribal lands. This feeling is marked in the Pueblo country; and the minds which framed the Indian Reorganization Act were undoubtedly influenced by the Pueblo system of land ownership, which places the title in the tribe and forbids the alienation of land to individuals, Indian or otherwise.

The Indian Reorganization Act forbids the further allotment of Indian land to those who vote to come under it; permits the return of hitherto allotted land, with Indian consent, to group ownership; offers loans for educational and business purposes; offers a large measure of local self-government, worked out by the groups in terms of their own needs; affirms the social and religious heritage of Indians as well as their civil rights. The acceptance of the IRA is entirely voluntary and over 80 percent of the total of Indians in the United States, including Oklahoma and Alaska, have so far elected to come under it—approximately two hundred and fifty thousand Indians,[1] while approximately eighty thousand have voted in the negative. Oklahoma was held out from the Act in the beginning, on the initiative of Senator Thomas, who thereafter canvassed the Indians of Oklahoma and introduced his own bill—the Oklahoma Indian Welfare bill—which brings the IRA system to Oklahoma. Among the Oklahoma Indians, the only tribe to be excluded was the Osage. On their petition, the Alaska Indians, originally excluded, were also blanketed under the Act.

The process of writing and voting on a constitution, as I witnessed it in a disintegrated Pueblo group, was an educational experience, through which the outworn parts of the ancient tribal pattern were voluntarily sacrificed and a new and more elastic system thought out. In this type of indirect education, through which the Indian is helped to solidify his own cultural base and yet enabled to meet the general American life more adequately and with better skills, the New Deal is especially creative.[2]

Freed to some degree from the necessity of answering personally every Indian complaint, of agreeing to the purchase of every Indian cow, Commissioner Col-

[1] Sixty-nine tribes, with 89,143 members, have adopted constitutions and by-laws; 41 tribes, with 40,247 members, have taken the final step of ratification of their charters of incorporation.

[2] In the field of education in the usual sense, the New Deal stresses day-school education, coupled with adult education, where possible, on "progressive" lines. The progressive method was introduced into the Bureau by Dr. Carson Ryan under the Rhoads administration and is being amplified by Dr. Beatty, the present director. Educated Indians are increasingly taking their places as teachers and principals. Teachers and ethnologists are writing and editing textbooks. The old-line boarding schools are largely used for specialization in crafts or higher education; and more loan funds are available to help students to advanced education of all kinds. Public-school education, with government-paid tuition, is also widespread.

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lier, with his indefatigable drive, manages to spend one-fourth of his time in the field, in direct conference with Indians and Bureau employees, white and Indian. Within the New Deal he and his long-range planning carry weight, and through his dogged defense of his objectives and the real sympathy of Secretaries Ickes and Wallace, and of President Roosevelt himself, the Indians are getting a better governmental break than they have ever had.

Though "things are better than they ever have been" is a pretty general Indian verdict, there are not only racketeering Indians whose business it is to stir up trouble but discontented Indians. The latter do not realize that the refusal of rations to those who have chances for wage work, the cutting down of "handouts" like clothes and shoes, the insistence that tribal funds be used for productive collective use, are forward steps. On that last point Indians are human. Americans, Indians too, prefer to proceed under their own steam, and like a certain famous Boston family cannot always forgive their father for leaving his money in trust.

The truth is that the state of being a ward is not an ideal American state. It creates a psychological problem, known to every Indian employee. Every Indian has his feet in two cultures, and even the fortunate Pueblos have what Secretary Wallace, after a meeting, astutely called "the unmarried-daughter-in-the-home psychology"—the unconscious expectation of being taken care of by an all-wise Father. And there are Indians—public-school-educated, missionary-educated, or educated by the earlier Bureau system, who definitely prefer to leave their special racial characteristics behind as so many others of our racial groups have done. Such Indians claim that John Collier does not give Indians much leeway *not* to be Indian, and to walk Main Street like the rest of us.

If the Indian Commissioner were a civil servant in the British sense with a decade or a quarter of a century to elaborate a policy, instead of a man struggling against time and tide to reinforce a few key points in a new philosophy, the claims of all could be consolidated. Commissioner Collier believes that Indians must continue under federal protection for long to come and that one of his chief jobs is not to hand the wards over to the mercies of the politicians—who, because the new program puts an end to plunder, and because it makes the Indian self-supporting and thereby sets him in competition with the surrounding whites, are mobilized for a counter-attack.

Whatever the future brings, New Deal Indian policies put some solid ground under the Indian's feet and force this red man—who tends to delegate his thinking and even his doing to Uncle Sam—to participate actively in his own problems and in the common good. By so doing he may learn at last that he is "one of ours."

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

Is the Irish Question Settled?

THERE IS not a word about restoring Ireland's unity as a result of the recent *pour-parlers* in London that have culminated in a Trade-cum-Defense Pact. Once again (the second time within the last few months) it is announced in the American press that the Irish question has been finally and at last amicably settled. Yet nothing is really finally settled that leaves Ireland partitioned, cut into two Dominion pieces, the *twenty-six-county area and the six-county area*. There is still a "Lost Province" (at least six counties of it) detached from the rest, still a substantial and aggrieved minority, wedged in the northeast corner of the island, native Irish in an alien and privileged group.

The cut-off portion is wrongly named Ulster, for three of the counties of that province—Cavan, Monaghan and Donegal—belong to the twenty-six-county area, formerly called the Irish Free State, now called Ireland or Eire. (Eire is the Irish name for Ireland; in English, therefore, the word "Ireland" is correct.) The six counties arbitrarily partitioned off are Antrim, Armagh, Tyrone, Fermanagh, Derry and Down.

This area (Northern Ireland, as it is loosely called) got its Parliament, Governor-General and separate status before the negotiations that led to the Treaty of 1921-22 were opened. King George V opened the Parliament personally during the vice-royalty of Lord Fitzalan, the last Viceroy of Ireland. Later, the British government paid a million pounds for the magnificent palace at Stormont which houses the "Wee Parliament," as it is called locally, reigned over by the Duke of Abercorn and Lord Craigavon (the former, Governor-General, the latter, Prime Minister). The Northern area receives from Britain also a substantial annual subsidy—one million pounds.

There was a clause in the treaty which set up the Free State saying that within a term of five years a *county plebiscite* could be taken to permit the inhabitants of the six-county area to vote themselves into the rest of Ireland. Had such a plebiscite been taken, Tyrone and Fermanagh (which have had nationalist majorities) would have thrown in their lot with the rest of Ireland; so would South Armagh, South Down, Derry City and West Belfast. So the "clenched fist" of Orange opposition would have lost some fingers: even Antrim would not have been intact. Previous to partition, out of thirty-three members of Parliament returned, seventeen were nationalists. It would have been found impossible to carry on with such a reduced area. For this reason, the clause providing for a county plebiscite was never carried out and a hugger-mugger bargain was entered into which prevented the electorate's being formally consulted. This hope of a plebiscite was the main inducement which obtained the support of Arthur Griffith for the Anglo-Irish Treaty. He felt that the unity of Ireland was all-important.

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The question was not raised at the recent negotiations and there is, it is said, a tacit agreement that the abolition of partition will not be discussed for ten years. By that time we may have yet another "final" settlement of the vexed Irish question—unless a world war has previously made its own grim settlement. The entire province of Ulster is essential to Ireland and any agreement that ignores it carries the seeds of failure. A vigorous Ulster democracy is essential as a factor in the solidarity of the Irish Labor group in any sectarian struggle. Ulster has produced many of our greatest names, from Owen Roe O'Neill to Roger Casement and James Connolly. Its industrialism is needed to offset the agricultural character of the South. Parnell declared that Ireland could not afford to lose a single Irishman.

This is doubly true of her six counties. It cannot be their fate to be an English shire. Arthur Griffith's dictum of the Treaty—"This is no final settlement, no more than this generation is a final generation"—and Tom Kettle's "Ulster is ours, not yours" still hold true. A completely independent Ireland with the power, such as Denmark has, to remain neutral, if she so desired in the eventuality of a world war, an Ireland with no artificial and alien-imposed frontier, is really the only solution that can be considered final. The last word on Ireland has not yet been spoken. Many of Ireland's other problems, cultural, economic, sectarian, social, also remain to be settled, for the evils inherent in the present regime are a hangover from the past. Our 1916-21 revolution remains an arrested one, with compromise, not freedom, in the saddle. As if, for instance, Kerensky had won out in Russia and Lenin had been executed.

It may be that Ireland, still so necessary to feed Britain, to help in her defenses, and all that, in time of war, will only achieve complete freedom with the dissolution of the Empire itself. That is no longer so impossible a dénouement.

HANNA SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON

The Poor

It's the anarchy of poverty
delights me, the old
yellow wooden house indented
among the new brick tenements

Or a cast-iron balcony
with panels showing branches
in full leaf. It fits
the dress of the children

reflecting every stage and
custom of necessity.
Chimneys, roofs, fences of
wood and metal in an unfenced
age and enclosing next to
nothing at all: the old man
in a sweater and soft black
hat who sweeps the sidewalk—

his own ten feet of it—
in a wind that fitfully
turning his corner has
overwhelmed the entire city.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

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Shoot the Works

I'll Show You the City

I HAVE A LETTER from Miss L. K. G., who lives in Great Falls, Montana, and the burden of her letter is that Great Falls is dull and humdrum and that she would like to be in and of New York. "How can it be accomplished?" Miss G. would like to know. And she adds, "I am a competent stenographer and I think that I am more metropolitan-minded than most the girls out here because I read Walter Winchell and The New Republic religiously. Tell me something about New York."

That is a large order, Miss G., and may I make a guess and call you by your first name? Is it the world of Broadway, Lucinda, or the intellectual approach of this particular sanctum which enlists your curiosity? To be sure, these are not always mutually exclusive. Mr. Winchell begins to emerge from political isolation, while The New Republic runs a paragraph column and serves scotch or rye to favored contributors on Friday.

The chances are all against your getting a job here, Lucinda, for the town is filled with stenographers who assert that they are competent. I will not be presumptuous enough to say that you are better off in Great Falls (where you can vote for O'Connell instead of O'Connor) but New York is not the ideal place for the perpetuation of the comfortable life. If you plan no more than a visit of forty or fifty years, that is all right, but I would advise no man or woman to take up permanent residence in Manhattan. As soon as parole is possible I would suggest Stamford, Connecticut.

The late O. O. McIntyre used to tell his country customers that in their own Main Street all the joys and treasures of the metropolis could be found. But that just isn't true, save for the materially minded. I have no doubt that in either Great Falls or Ashtabula one may find love, loyalty, T-bone steaks and iced beverages. But the esthetic and spiritual values of New York are not to be had in the smaller cities.

In all the United States man has made with his own hands no such beauty as exists in New York City. The name Great Falls suggests to me that in your immediate neighborhood, Lucinda, there is some kind of mill race and that the tumbling water may be pretty under the moonlight. But I have found that a week with a waterfall, even a large one, is plenty for any man. Twice I have looked upon Niagara and it is not graven upon my heart. The song it sings is repetitious and I shall not return until I hear that the wall of water has begun to hesitate upon the brink, adding some element of dramatic suspense like the famed choice of Candida. The river does fall quite a distance, but what else can it do? What else has it ever done?

And if other natural wonders are to be brought forward for contemplation, I must admit that I would much rather crane my neck to look up at the Empire State Building than stoop to survey the bottom of the Grand Canyon. The making of towers is a more noble endeavor than the digging of ditches.

Works of nature often leave one chilled because they offer no vicarious satisfaction to the tourist by enabling him to say, "I might have a shot at that myself some rainy afternoon."

It is true that the odds are all against my ever painting a Rembrandt or your capturing the flight of a skylark in some spare poetic moment. Still these are achievements of the race and not the fortuitous product of a slow geologic cataclysm. And so I would turn off the moon and toss aside even a successful sunset as being nothing more than a chance hit. Beauty without plan is also beauty without meaning.

Your Great Falls, Lucinda, is near some one of the National Parks, if I remember, and I assume you have a vast expanse of forest, hot springs which smoke and roar and mountains lumbering toward the sky. But believe no one who tells you that any one of these set pieces can produce the same wonder as the spidery span of a bridge across the Hudson. That leap of steel broad-jumping into space makes even the rapids of a troubled stream seem slow-paced and indecisive.

If you can keep body and soul apart, come rushing to the magical city, Lucinda, whether a job waits or not. But remember that Manhattan is also the place of sacrifice. It is only for those who can subsist on locusts and wild honey. In many respects it is an American equivalent of Ceylon's Isle and there be those who have been borne down by too much beauty and who walk through the canyons of the city as impervious to visual excitement as any pack mule. The plain fact of the matter is that New York is much too good for New Yorkers. Complete appreciation will come only when some Vesuvius has laid it low and posterity is forced to dig down into the dust to bring to light the buried treasure. If you have patience, Lucinda, it might not be a bad idea to postpone your trip to some such time when the guide, pausing in his patter to speak with deep emotion, may say, "And now beneath your foot, lady, is a crumbled stone which is all that is left to remind us that here The New Republic once functioned in offices which were considered very modern."

But, Miss L. K. G., you have every right to ask why I have put beauty behind me and fled to the drab landscape of the Connecticut countryside. It is not so much from a fear of impending doom but rather because the wine of loveliness comes to be too heady a draught after protracted maturity. I shall not look much again upon the George Washington Memorial Bridge at dawn or Brooklyn Bridge in twilight. My arteries grow too precarious to watch the Chrysler needle grow dim and lost in fog as if it had been thrust into a spectre haystack.

We have tame flowers and wild ones, too, here on Hunting Ridge and a bit of greenery. But everything is under control. A local stock company is going to do "The Jest," but I shall see no Barrymores nor watch the rain sweep down the street of hits. I have begun to taper.

And you, young lady, I think you said Lucinda, may come from Great Falls to Manhattan if that is your pleasure. But as you value your return-trip ticket, bring a mirror and never dare to look Medusa in the eye.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Washington Notes

The Roosevelt Reply

THE ADMINISTRATION is now intervening actively in the Democratic primaries of many states. It is backing Mr. Roosevelt's friends—especially anyone who voted for last year's Supreme Court bill—and fighting his enemies. It is making a precisely calculated attempt, in Mr. Roosevelt's name, to capture local Democratic organizations all across the country. This is a program that is bound to require great courage. A number of contests will almost inevitably be lost, and it is possible that the administration will become disheartened. The New Deal has dropped other militant policies when they seemed to betoken danger. But if the new program is adhered to, it will mean an immense political change. It will be the most important political event since Mr. Roosevelt took office in 1933.

The White House has already fought openly in the primaries of Florida, Iowa, Oregon and Pennsylvania. It has given notice that it means to fight in California, Colorado, Georgia, Kentucky and South Carolina. The portly, fearful Pat McCarran insists that the White House finger is being put upon him in Nevada. The administration is intimately concerned in the intra-party bickering now going on in New York, where, unhappily, one of its patronage dispensers, Mr. Jimmy Hines, has been arrested as a member of the country's greatest "policy" ring.

The creation of a party of Roosevelt men within the lumbering frame of the Democratic organization has been under discussion for months. It first began to be secretly talked of during the Supreme Court fight. Immediately after Mr. Roosevelt's defeat last August at the hands of his own party, Mr. Joe Guffey of Pennsylvania demanded a purge of organization ranks. It was generally believed that the speech was suggested to Mr. Guffey—if not written for him—by White House advisers. When the President's tax and reorganization bills were defeated in the session now ending, the decision to found a party of Roosevelt men was definitely taken. It was not taken in revenge, although undoubtedly the White House regards some of the Democratic reactionaries as no better than gila monsters. Chiefly it was a matter of self-defense. The politicians who win this summer's primaries will name the delegates to the 1940 Democratic convention. If the reactionaries should win, they would be able to nominate one of their number—for example, Mr. Bennett Clark of Missouri—as the party candidate for President two years from now. And promptly they would conduct a counter-purge of New Dealers.

Probably no one person can claim credit as author of the administration's new policy. In its execution, Mr. Thomas Corcoran, who has performed many delicate and arduous missions for Mr. Roosevelt, is reported to have a large share. So is Mr. James Roosevelt, who has turned out to be an extraordinarily efficient and tactful aide to his father and has shown that he has strong political convictions of his own. Two other staff officers are the assistant to the Attorney General, Joseph B. Keenan, who for the moment has taken Mr. Charles West's place as liaison agent between the White House and Congress, and Mr. David K. Niles of the WPA.

From this nucleus, the group has complex ramifications. Secretary Wallace is a frequent conferee. Mr. Wallace has a deep personal interest in the 1940 New Deal nomination, and also is heavily concerned in the defeat of the venerable Cotton Ed Smith of South Carolina, chairman of the Senate Committee on Agriculture and the torment of Mr. Wallace's life. Mr. Minton of Indiana, who is both Mr. Roosevelt's most aggressive champion in the Senate and the slightly embarrassed sponsor of Mr. Paul V. McNutt's presidential aspirations, is another member of the group. Behind these hurrying figures, however, it may be supposed that the central strategist is Mr. Roosevelt himself. In the writer's opinion, this does not indicate that he wishes a third term. He may, but his present activity does not prove it. This is a fight in which the New Deal, and Mr. Roosevelt's own place in history, are at stake. A threat to either of these would be sure to move him powerfully. Then, too, he has sinful pride in his political acumen. Nothing on earth could keep him from such a fight as has now begun.

The new policy has extraordinarily difficult aspects. In Wisconsin it has led to a widening of the breach already created between the administration and the La Follette group. Mr. F. Ryan Duffy, a Democrat and the present Senator, is running for reëlection. He has an indifferently clear record on Roosevelt measures, and is understood to have received assurance of administration help. Rank-and-file members of the La Follette group, who looked on Governor Phil's third-party venture with distaste, even alarm, have been vastly angered by the administration's action. Previously they felt that Governor Phil was committing a high political crime in breaking publicly with the New Deal; now they are said to be largely reconciled to it. Mr. Duffy, in their view, has the soul of a precinct captain, and during six years as Senator has faithfully dished out federal patronage to his party cronies of the lean days of Coolidge and Hoover, when being a Democrat in Wisconsin was no more sustaining than being a Republican in Mississippi. Not a crumb of Duffy patronage has come to the La Follette supporters, who, with justification, felt that they were the ones who elected Mr. Duffy in 1932 and have been the New Deal's great support in Wisconsin ever since. Six more years of Duffy they refuse to contemplate.

Another unfortunate situation has been created in California, where Mr. McAdoo exhibits a cordial personal note of endorsement from Mr. Roosevelt. This note has given apparent pain to liberals like Mr. Byron N. Scott and Mr. Jerry Voorhis, who regard the McAdoo machine in California as the antithesis of the New Deal. Doubtless there will be a number of cases in which the new policy will work to the disadvantage of left-wingers among Mr. Roosevelt's supporters. However, this should not mask its benefits. Except for the first honeymoon months of 1933, it is accurate to say that the chief energies of Mr. Roosevelt and his close advisers have been continuously drained away in efforts to combat intrigues within their own party. The assumed necessity of conciliating reactionaries like Senators Carter Glass and Pat Harrison, and Representatives John O'Connor and Bob Doughton, explain more of Mr. Roose-

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velt's sharp turns of policy and apparent lack of candor than most of his critics appreciate. If the depression continues through the summer, as it seems likely to, Dr. Gallup's poll indicates that the Republicans will make substantial gains in the House next November. If Mr. Roosevelt can win the coming Democratic primaries, this will be a small matter.

The recent House vote establishing a committee to investigate un-American activities, under the chairmanship of Mr. Martin Dies, should give little satisfaction to liberals. To a remarkable degree, Mr. Dies is the Democratic equivalent of Mr. Hamilton Fish, manager of the famous Red hunt under Mr. Hoover. He is physically a giant, very young, ambitious and cocksure. Like Mr. Fish, he believes in forcible action, and is in a great hurry to make a national reputation. In the special session last fall, Mr. Dies was the organizer of the successful opposition to the wages-and-hours bill. During the debate preceding the creation of the committee, the activities of Nazi and Japanese spies were most often mentioned. Despite the salty opposition of Mr. Maury Maverick, the resolution received Jewish and liberal support. If the principal energies of Mr. Dies are not given over to hounding Communists, it will be a miracle.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The Investment Trusts and the Suckers

IT BEGINS TO LOOK as though the hardiest of all perennials is the American investment-trust sucker. Any man who thinks he can save these credulous victims from the traps set for them is simple-minded indeed. Since 1922 there has been one wave of investment-trust promoters after another. Each wave washed ashore an abundance of fish. Each phase of the great investment-trust swindle has been rigged to quiet the easily soothed fears of the foolish investors who were caught in the preceding wave. And now the last sort of investment trust to flourish in this Protean financial device is coming to grief while some of the older shells of trusts, which have already suffered several lootings, are being subjected to fresh raids. But seemingly there is nothing one can do about it.

I recall that many years ago—eighteen years to be exact—I wrote a long series of articles in the old New York Globe exposing what was called the "free-lot" real-estate fraud. About forty or more promoters and salesmen were indicted, thirty-five companies were broken up and a small army of the salesmen decamped for points west and south. The paper permitted me to spend an entire spring and summer cleaning up that mess. And it used up an amount of space which was worth, at advertising rates, a half-million dollars. Thousands of unfortunate buyers of fake lots streamed past my desk, told their stories and left their worthless contracts and receipt books. The scheme was brought to an end and the countless victims were grateful to the old Globe for saving them from paying out any further sums to the swindlers.

It was all forgotten when, nearly a year later, an old lady came to my office and asked for her papers and contracts. A very nice gentleman had been at her home, she said, and had explained to her how deeply she had been wronged by The Globe and by me. His company was planning to try to save her and had worked out a scheme to "revive" her investment so that she could resume her payments and hold on to her lot. And then, day after day, they came trooping back, demanding their papers so they could "revive their investments." The fugitive promoters had returned. The hapless suckers, they knew from long experience, were ripe once more for another plucking.

Then one day I was spread out in a barber chair, covered with lather and tied up in fine linens, when a large, virile gentleman loomed up before me. He had recognized me through the lather, for I had had him indicted for his adventures in "free-lotting." He hailed me with a burst of cordiality hardly warranted by our past relations, and after a few scraps of persiflage, he said: "Well, Mr. Flynn, what did you accomplish? You put me out of business for six months. Of course you got yourself a nice promotion, but me, I'm back in business again right in the same place and I got most of the old customers back."

That was eighteen years ago. Since that time practically every year the Better Business Bureau makes a crusade against the free-lot sharks. The old racket goes on forever fresh and forever new.

It is so with the investment trusts. The first wave came around 1922. The trusts were called "Bankers' Shares." They were in fact fixed trusts. All or nearly all of them blew up. Then about 1927 the management trusts began to be the vogue. There had been some old management trusts. But with 1927 the management-type trusts began to spring up like mushrooms. Now the simple souls who had lost their money in the bankers' shares were told that the new type afforded the management which was so essential to adjust the trusts' portfolio to changing conditions and was therefore sounder than the bankers' shares, which were rigid.

But then came 1929 and 1930 and the shameful adventures of the marauders who took in nearly four billions and rooked the public right and left. And then, following the crash came the fixed trust again—the bankers' shares in a new garb and name. Once again the old customers were approached. They were told that they had lost their money in the management trusts because the managers had too much discretion. The investor needed to be protected against the manager. The fixed trust did this by eliminating management. Here, they said, is a new idea in investment—shares selected with such care for future growth that they would laugh at depressions. The Stock Exchange firms, with no business to keep their staffs occupied, went heavily into this and with the coming of 1933 and the great disaster nearly all of the fixed trusts exploded.

The next phase was the special fund. Here was another idea—a trust that had all the protection against management and yet all the advantages of management through the use of certain formulas for management. In 1935, 1936 and 1937 these special funds were going great guns. All the dupes who had frittered away their substance on bankers' shares, management trusts and fixed trusts now proceeded to hand over the cash to the special funds. And

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now, alas, the special funds are blowing up. Indeed, of all the trusts this is the one which was cursed with a fatal flaw in its very inception. It didn't have to have bad or dishonest promotion and patronage. It was a crazy idea to start with.

And now the countryside is littered with the wrecks of all sorts of trusts and we behold the spectacle of promoter-ghouls climbing on these wrecks and looting them of what is left. This last week the Attorney General of New York began proceedings against a large Wall Street Stock Exchange firm which with various allies has been buying up various water-logged investment trusts, using their own funds to buy them, and then withdrawing all the good securities that are left and substituting other worthless ones. And the District Attorney, Thomas E. Dewey, has indicted some of these gentlemen, with the interesting explanation that they started out with an investment of $5 and bought about $16,000,000 worth of trust assets before they got through.

Thus the circle goes—round and round from scheme to scheme, from one old scheme to the same old scheme dressed up in new names and clothes. All of which leaves us with this piece of intelligence for our pains—that once a sucker always a sucker. JOHN T. FLYNN

Angels and Ministers of Grace

I Married an Angel, adapted from the play by John Vaszary. Book by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart. Lyrics by Lorenz Hart. Music by Richard Rodgers. Shubert Theatre, May 16, 1938.
The Two Bouquets, by Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon. Windsor Theatre, May 31, 1938.

THE MUSICAL, more or less, piece about marrying an angel is now easily one of the successes for the summer nights and shopping matinées; and a review has only to say that the success is deserved. The entertainment offered provides a good deal of effective décor by Mr. Jo Mielziner—a revolving stage allows one scene, including the actors, to flow into another scene, including the actors; the tone and invention in these scene are among the outstanding pleasures of the season. Mr. Dennis King gives a performance full of good taste, as usual, Miss Vivienne Segal is as expert as usual, and the newcomer, Miss Vera Zorina, is a thoroughly trained dancer and a figure of real charm in the theatre. Her quality is most agreeable, and both her method of attack and her legs are straight.

"The Two Bouquets" is well named. It is really a sort of pot-pourri of the music of Victorian times, not the silliest but some, at least, of the most delightful. The music is chosen from twenty composers of the period: Offenbach, Balfe, Gounod and others, and to this music the Farjeons have written words. The décor by Mr. Robert Barhart has real charm and style. Mr. Marc Connelly's directing is done always *con amore*. The costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois are quite brilliant. Under Mr. Macklin Marrow's direction the orchestra, in which are a number of musicians who have profited by Mr. Toscanini's oversight in the past, comes off well. It is to be remembered, however, that even without the advantage of such performers, Mr. Marrow did himself great credit in the old days in various productions for the Provincetown Players. The tone he now achieves is even more beautiful and entrancing. What this venture at the Windsor needs at present is a fortnight or so of admiring and creative audiences, in order to find the necessary air of delight registered in the company and theatre hospitality extended to the audience. Watching the performance with genuine solicitude, I was unable to find an opening for that *soupçon* of vulgarity that an added number of spectators might object to but go to see. S. Y.

The Bandwagon

Fascism means, simply, non-communist. – *The Rev. Peter B. Duffee, of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Francis of Assisi, quoted in The New York Times.*

I talked with Jews everywhere. They didn't know who I was and they opened up to me because they thought I was just an American. They kept saying: "Tell the Jews in America to let us alone. We're all right." As a matter of fact, thousands of Jews are returning to Germany and I was really surprised to see how many Jewish stores were open. – *Fritz Kuhn, leader of the German-American Bund, quoted in The New York Daily News.*

As in the good old days, all the girls have on their minds is the boys and all the boys have on their minds is a collection of battered hats. . . . Most of the students [at the University of Missouri] seem to know that Mr. Roosevelt is President, but it wouldn't be fair to pin them down to whether it is Teddy or Franklin. This is all to the good and as it should be. . . . Little stinkers who know all the answers grow up to be pests and of no account in a world already tottering from know-alls. – *Nancy Randolph, Society Editor of The New York Daily News, in The Kansas City Times.*

Why Publishers Fear Communism

N. N. Nakoriakoff, former director of the fiction department of the State Publishing House, will go on trial soon charged with misusing state funds by advancing large sums to authors who promised to write books but never did. . . . It was charged that Nakoriakoff wasted 1,000,000 rubles (nominally $200,000) in 1937 alone, of which 500,000 rubles went to non-producing authors and part of the remainder was paid as bribes to authors. – *United Press dispatch from Moscow in The New York Post.*

Strange-Bedfellows Department

Most of the ills of the world were laid at the feet of radical liberalism and freemasonry last night by the Rev. Patrick J. Higgins, S.J., head of the history department of Holy Cross College, in an address before the Diocesan Congress of Catholic Women, during which he denounced Thomas Jefferson, Chief Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Leon Blum and Anthony Eden. – *News item in The Boston Post.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. – THE EDITORS

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Two Communications

An Open Letter to Mr. Lewis Mumford

DEAR MR. MUMFORD: As one of those who had some hand in preparing the National Defense supplement of The New Republic, to which you take such violent exception in the May 18 issue of that magazine, I feel that it is not inappropriate for me to point out such *lacunae* in the fabric of your argument as occur to me.

You issue a call to arms against fascism. You propose measures against certain nations of the world, whose policies you dislike, which are essentially military measures. Yet—and I judge only on the *prima-facie* evidence of your article—you seem to have not the slightest understanding of the military implications of your advice.

Let me illustrate. You propose a Non-Intercourse Act, to "dramatically withdraw all economic and political intercourse, to begin with, from the three militant fascist states —Germany, Italy, Japan."

Let us consider only Japan. What you propose, among other things, would cut off our oil exports to Japan; that is to say, would deprive Japan of about 80 percent of her imports of crude petroleum, aptly called the lifeblood of modern armies and navies. Now the sources of petroleum in this world are fairly limited in number. Japan is engaged in a war in China for which she needs, and *must have*, continuous supplies of oil; moreover, our action being interpreted by her as one of hostility, as it certainly would be, will cause her leaders to apprehend that it may be followed by military attack, and they will feel the need of additional petroleum supplies for their fleet against that contingency. To suppose that the Japanese will take this situation lying down is to disregard all that we know of their history and national character. I am by no means alone in the opinion that in such an event, the Japanese navy, supported by the army, will take affairs into its own hands and seize the nearest available source of petroleum supply, Dutch Borneo, which they have the force available to do. The combined strength of our Asiatic Fleet and the Dutch East Indies squadron could not prevent them; in fact, there is not a single armored battleship flying any other flag than Japanese in the whole vast stretch of the Pacific and Indian Oceans west of Hawaii or east of the Suez Canal. Very well, then: what sort of situation have you created? You have caused the territory and property of a small, friendly nation to be seized by Japan, and your country is thereby morally obligated to try to get it back by force of arms. The difficulties which we would encounter in doing so need not be recounted here; what it would amount to is a long, bloody war fought under the most arduous conditions, five thousand miles from our nearest base; a war which would require a major national effort, over a period, not of weeks or months, but years. Do you believe that this would contribute to our strength, our security, the preservation of our institutions and our democratic integrity?

Again—you suggest that we "build up a navy capable of keeping the sea-lanes open in peace and war for the passage of goods to non-fascist countries." *What* non-fascist countries? Do you imagine it possible for us to build a navy capable of convoying and protecting our traffic against "fascist piracy" in the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, the Baltic, the North Sea, the Sea of Japan, the China Sea or most of the Indian Ocean if we went out of our way to arouse the active hostility of Germany, Italy and Japan? If you do, the works of the late Admiral Mahan should be among your required reading.

Rich as this nation is, it could not construct or maintain a navy of the required size for such a gigantic task; and even if that navy were constructed, it could not operate in those distant seas without bases. What does this mean? Simply that we would not trade at all with the Soviet Union, China, the Dutch East Indies, Malaya, India, Burma, Turkey, Egypt, Rumania, Greece, Jugoslavia, Loyalist Spain, Sweden, Finland, Poland, the Baltic States, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Holland or Denmark: and of course not with the three "enemy" states. Our foreign trade would be confined to the other American states, the British Isles, France, West and South Africa and—precariously—Portugal, Morocco, Norway, Australia and New Zealand. What this amounts to is the chopping off at the roots of about one-third of our total export trade; in the present state of our domestic economy, do you imagine that it would be very long before the internal repercussions of such a policy would build up in this country a party of reaction (as happened in connection with Jefferson's Embargo and Non-Intercourse Acts) which would sweep away your policy and perhaps many other valuable things along with it? What would you do, for example, about the already sufficiently distressed cotton states when the Japanese cotton market was gone? A government subsidy? And how long would you keep that up? From what source would a nation already burdened with debt and unemployment be able long to obtain the additional funds for such enormous largesse?

You speak of the fascist groups in this country; "non-intercourse," you say, "would deprive them of active external support and direction." Can it be possible that you, proclaiming yourself the apostle of hard-boiled realism, actually suppose this would be the case? If a state of war does not stop "active external support and direction" reaching subversive groups and agencies within a nation—and your memory need be no more than twenty-one years long to know that it does not—how is a state of non-intercourse going to do so? Are you going to impose your policy on Canada and Mexico as well? If so, how? If not, how are you going to prevent "active external support and direction" reaching the fascist elements in this country by those routes? You have about 1,900,000 German-born persons and about 1,800,000 Italian-born living in this country at this moment. Many of them—not all of course—sympathize with their homelands and the political institutions of those lands; some even take pride in what they consider the rebirth of national power in those countries. What effect is your policy of non-intercourse, of active hostility to Germany and Italy, going to have on these large groups of American residents? Some of them, certainly, will resent that policy; some of them will translate their resentment into some form of action, urged on thereto by "active external support and direction." Look back to the German-

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Americans in 1914-17 and their attitude toward our sales of munitions to the Allies, if you doubt this. What are you going to do about these people? You cannot tell them "America is in danger, must fight for her self-preservation"—that just won't make sense to them. Suppress them, then? That means, a vast national police, a spy service, with all the evils, all the perils to liberty that such a thing brings in its train; not as a war measure, over a brief period of time, but living and growing as a national institution. Once you set foot on that dark road, you know not whither it will lead you.

You suggest that the United States is fated to play the role of Byzantium in the new Dark Ages. This is to make the all-too-common assumption that British democracy and French democracy will be conquered by the fascist powers; as a matter of fact, fascist military strength is wholly unequal to such a task, and will be for some years to come. Japan, for example, is having all she can do to maintain even her present position in China. Germany and Italy, weak in raw materials, hopelessly outclassed in naval strength, outmatched in the air and with shattered finances, cannot really hope to overcome in battle the principal naval power of Europe and the principal military power. You say that Germany and Italy have already drawn the Tory government of Britain into their orbit; there are differences of opinion on this point, but even so, having regard to the recent by-elections, having regard to the gathering storm of popular indignation about foreign financial and air policy, do you guarantee Mr. Chamberlain's government an indefinite existence, or even the five years of his parliament's statutory life? These, too, are facts which must be faced.

But at the worst, the Byzantine Empire lasted a thousand years, which is quite a period; if we could guarantee so long a term for this republic, I think we would be looking ahead quite as far as we have any right to expect. When, however, you go on to picture us as a "beleaguered island in a rising sea of barbarism that may eventually sweep over us," you depart again from the military facts. Given a proper policy of national defense, there cannot be created on the continent of Europe military instruments adequate to the task of "sweeping over" this nation. Nor can we "sweep over" Europe: God forbid that we should try. Your fears for the spread of fascism in this country are ill founded unless, by building up an aggressive, crusading psychology here, you create the very danger which you profess to dread. . . .

Brooklyn, N. Y. GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

SIR: Major Eliot's reply to my "Call to Arms" is its own best refutation. In order to defend his unwillingness to take a more active stand against fascism, he conjures up a series of pseudo-strategical bogies. These bogies may alarm the ignorant: they can only make the judicious smile. Take, for example, his picture of Japan's meeting our non-intercourse policy by seizing Dutch Borneo for its oil, instead of continuing the safer and more obvious policy of buying in the world market. This imaginary danger is supposed to put advocates of non-intercourse in a terrible moral predicament, leading to nothing less than the quixotic duty to fight a war against Japan in order to give Borneo back to Holland.

That kind of extravagant unrealism characterizes Major Eliot's whole case against non-intercourse. Consider his equally fantastic conception of the fascist powers' conducting a world blockade against the United States. After establishing the military and economic weakness of the fascists to his complete satisfaction, Major Eliot, merely for the purpose of attacking an active anti-fascist policy, suddenly endows these same powers with naval omnipotence! Probably Major Eliot himself realizes the weakness of his preposterous military arguments: for he at last falls back upon an even more treacherous line—the curious belief that we must not dare to fight fascism in America because we have so many active fascists in our midst. That would be a good argument in the mouth of a Griebel, or a Hague, or one of the Roman Catholic prelates who have been so effusive in praise of the self-declared enemies of democracy; but what is it doing on the lips of a good American? In short, Major Eliot's eloquent reasons for keeping hands off fascism are precisely my own for urging an immediate counter-attack. The sooner our democracy takes strong political action, the more remote will be the possibilities of actual warfare: for fascism's successes are all founded upon bullying and terrorizing and preying upon only the weak and the self-divided.

Amenia, N. Y. LEWIS MUMFORD

Correspondence

A New Fine Arts Bill

SIR: The much discussed Coffee-Pepper bill for a Bureau of Fine Arts, despite opposition to minor details, has obtained the endorsement of more than ten million people.

On the basis of public hearings held on this and other measures dealing with government sponsorship of the arts, a new bill has been written by a committee in the House, with William I. Sirovich acting as chairman, which has been unanimously approved by the Patents Committee to whom it was referred and substituted for the Coffee-Pepper bill in the Senate. The significant thing about this new federal-arts bill is that it is a really democratic public proposal, written not by any particular group of individuals but by the general public who testified at the hearings. The fact that it was the broad program of democratic culture proposed by the Coffee-Pepper bill that received the widest public support has resulted in a new bill embodying the same principles.

The new Sirovich-Pepper joint resolution—H.J. RES. 671, in the House and S. 3296 in the Senate—is an even stronger bill than the Coffee-Pepper bill, since the committee drafting it took advantage of the public testimony and struck out those few weak clauses that had caused objections. It contains no implication of complete transfer of the present Federal Arts Project or of organizational dominance. Faulty wording and the inclusion of the panel system of selection of administrators caused the old bill to be misinterpreted in these respects.

The bill now under consideration promises cultural opportunity to the people of this country along democratic lines. Every citizen has as much right to expect his government to provide opportunities in this field as in the field of general education.

JOY PRIDE, Executive Director,
New York City Federal Arts Committee

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In Praise of the La Follettes

SIR: I have just read Heywood Broun who has shot the works at the La Follette brothers [The New Republic, May 11]. I have long admired Brother Broun, but his castigation of the National Progressives must have been the product of a large evening spent with his vodka. I have wondered about him ever since he started taking pot-shots at Norman Thomas. After all, Norman Thomas is a pretty good old warhorse in his own right. Broun has indulged in some inexcusable Thomas-baiting, and he makes me wonder why neat phrasing and perspective cannot always go together. To charge the La Follette brothers with sly flirting with the swastika is the acme of absurdity.

The La Follettes are the personification of democracy. They get it from the Old Man's blood. They are so American that it hurts. If they err in their revulsion against old-world doctrine with its hates and feuds—are they so different from the average American?

I am a radical—whatever *that* means—but I like the La Follette approach. It is cautious gradualism, but it is unmistakably for the democratic process. The very vagueness of the announced program is quite likely desirable at this stage until the dust settles. The "new frontier" can encompass all that we conceive in the "economy of abundance." While other timid third-party idealists cling to the skirts of the New Deal, Phil La Follette had the courage to *start* something. We Progressives in California have been waiting for something to pop, and we are convinced that if it pops out of Wisconsin it can't be so bad!

AL SESSIONS, Executive Secretary,
Progressive Commonwealth Federation, Inc.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Author's Correction

SIR: Statements following my name in the contributors' notes, issue of May 11, are not quite correct to the moment. I *formerly* supervised a WPA adult-education project in Oregon and am now on the Oregon Writers' Project. . . . The Federal Poets' Anthology was a worth-while collection and I was pleased to be so included.

Portland, Ore. HOWARD MC KINLEY CORNING

Straight v. Dobb

SIR: It is a delightful experience to read a review of an economic book that is itself a contribution to basic progressive thinking, as is the case with Michael Straight's review of Joan Robinson's "Introduction to the Theory of Employment" in the May 18 issue of The New Republic. And another value that Straight's review possesses is that it constitutes, although unintentionally, a much needed corrective to an article appearing in the current issue of Science and Society, the article being "Some Aspects of the Economic Theory of Karl Marx" by Maurice Dobb.

Maurice Dobb champions the cause of Marx as the pioneer in economics of the fundamentals necessary to an understanding of the modern scene and to the only truly intelligent action upon it: these fundamentals being the "time" factor in the production process, the analysis of the causes of crises, and, above all, the exploitation-relationship between capital and labor. Dobb is not satisfied with the acceptance by modern economists of some of the Marxian "discoveries," so long as they do not adopt the truth of the keynote in Marxism, the exploitation-relationship and its revolutionary corollaries, which acceptance would "render action effective and not blind."

In Dobb's opinion one of these economists whose theory leads to "blind" action is Keynes, who is suffering from the "crisis in economic theory" that bourgeois economics is in. Straight's review is therefore most timely and I, for one, wish that the readers of Dobb's article could see it. Straight's review is an excellent popularization of the Keynesian economics and serves an all-important purpose in dispelling the unsound accusation of the Marxists upon an economist whose life and work are devoted to the cause of general human welfare.

Brooklyn, N. Y. MICHAEL WOOLF

From The New Republic Mail Bag

E. A. Radice of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, writes in criticism of Allen Hutt's book, "The Post-War History of the British Working Class," and also of the review of it by Samuel Yellen in The New Republic of May 25. Particularly does he object to the statement that the two British Labor governments "undertook for the Tories the dirty work of forcing reductions in wages and in unemployment benefits on the workers." Mr. Radice says that under the first Labor government wage rates rose about three percent and unemployment benefits were generally increased. Although under the second Labor government the depression caused a three-percent fall in money wage rates, real wage rates in fact increased.

H. C. Dekker of Portland, Oregon, regards Emil Wolff's "Mussolini Appoints a Successor" (May 4) as a model for foreign correspondence. He hopes The New Republic will do an equally good job on the politics inside the Soviet Union. . . . The International Mark Twain Society, Webster Groves, Missouri, offers a prize of $25 for the best paper of approximately 500 words on "Presidents of the United States I have seen, heard, or met." The contest closes July 1. . . . Dr. Bernard Straus of Brooklyn, New York, leaps to the defense of Heywood Broun against the "effete, namby-pamby people" who have been writing letters of criticism. "Active," forthright," "witty," "trenchant" and "skillful" are the words Dr. Straus has for Mr. Broun.

Abner Green of the American Committee for the Protection of the Foreign Born, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, appeals for contributions to defend the refugees from fascist countries who face deportation and persecution in their homelands, unless help is given them.

Leah Lewinson, branch librarian of the New York Public Library, 203 West 115th Street, New York City, asks if any reader has a fairly good piano he would like to donate to the basement auditorium of the Library.

What's on the Air?

Dr. John J. Upham, dean of the Ohio State Medical School and president of the American Medical Association, speaks at the opening of the A.M.A.'s Eighty-ninth Annual Convention, Monday, June 13, 7:30 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

Professor Harry James Carman of Columbia University speaks on the "Living History" program, Wednesday, June 15, 7:30 P.M., CBS.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include "From Ooh to Aa" by Charles Tracy, Saturday, June 11, 7:30 P.M., CBS; "Surrealism," an experimental play by Roland Bradley, Saturday, June 11, 8:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; Bernardino Molinari conducts the NBC Symphony Orchestra, Saturday, June 11, 9 P.M., NBC-Red Network; Alfred Wallenstein's "Symphonic Strings," Wednesday, June 15, 10 P.M., Mutual; the Pulitzer Prize play, "Icebound," by Owen Davis, Thursday, June 16, 10 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; and the BBC Orchestra from London, Saturday, June 18, 3 P.M., Mutual.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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Books in Review

Roosevelt or Reaction[1]

ONLY a few short years ago it was a favorite ideological sport of radicals, whether Communist, Socialist, Brandeisian or free-lance, to pour scorn upon Franklin D. Roosevelt's "confused" and frequently contradictory attempts to make the American economic system work for the benefit of the many. Mauritz Hallgren called Roosevelt the "gay reformer," and suggested that all his impulses were to protect the *rentier* class against labor on the one hand and the capitalist-entrepreneur on the other. (Just what the *rentier* was to do with his public-utility stocks was never made very plain.) The Communists cartooned Roosevelt in The New Masses as a putty-jawed Social Fascist; the Socialists yelled that he had appropriated their platform only to misapply it. For myself, I must plead guilty with the rest; as a callow journalist who had said "farewell to reform" I wrote: "A return of prosperity must move him [Roosevelt] to the Right, for the cry, 'Don't tamper with improving business,' must be too strong for so adept a politician to ignore. If, however, any upturn proves illusory, a President who has gambled on bulling the market will . . . become the effigy of a people's devil, to be scourged alike, though for different reasons, by both radical and conservative voters."

In justice to everyone who predicted that the reformer in Roosevelt could not stand the gaff, it must be said that no previous "progressive" President had ever succeeded in holding to the reformer's line. Theodore Roosevelt had tried it in the trust-busting days, but the bankers' panic of 1907 had frightened him into presenting United States Steel with the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, which was just what Judge Gary wanted. Woodrow Wilson had made a brave beginning, but his domestic program foundered in the war which two of his Cabinet members, Lansing and McAdoo, did so much to foist upon us. Grover Cleveland had denounced the "communism of pelf," but his mild efforts to take the swollen profits from the "communist"-industrialist's pockets by lowering the tariff came to very little in Congress. And in the cities—New York, Cleveland, Chicago—the "reform" mayors were invariably followed by resurgent Tammany Halls.

History is supposed to be a great teacher, but unfortunately no statistician has shown us how to "weight" it. Lacking a proper weighting technique, the critics who had read and pondered the history of reform in America were not so far-sighted, so prescient or so lucky as Franklin D. Roosevelt. What the critics failed to see was that the balance of class and group forces had shifted greatly since 1912. In the old days "reform" could win whenever the Better Element was for it. But as soon as Nice People discovered that reform was touching them in the pocketbook they backslid into reactionary ways. They are backsliding fast in 1938, as an oblique reading of most newspaper editorial pages can tell you. The critics of the reformer in Roosevelt accurately foretold this fall-away. But they failed utterly to see that Nice People no longer hold the balance of power. That balance now rests with the groups that know they have nothing to gain in the pocketbook if reform dies. The Better Element was against Hill in Alabama, Pepper in Florida. But Pepper and Hill came through.

Franklin D. Roosevelt stands as something new under the American sun, a Progressive President who refuses to sell out and is not politically destroyed thereby. He is more virulently hated in conservative quarters than any American Progressive since John Peter Altgeld, but unlike other hated Progressives he continues to win at the polls. In the end he may fail—through war, through a division of the liberal armies, or through a Revolution-from-the-Right backed by the force and money of a rabid minority. But in 1938 he can claim to be *sui generis* among American reform Presidents, one who has held on to both his office and his ideas.

The fact that for 1938 it is "Roosevelt or reaction" is clearly grasped by Washington newspapermen. But Emil Ludwig, a foreigner, is the first biographer to show how it is that Roosevelt came to be made of sterner stuff than Cleveland, or Theodore Roosevelt, or Woodrow Wilson. In some respects Mr. Ludwig's book is not very satisfactory. It is filled with a cloudy Germanic mysticism about Destiny and Fortune, stuff which the hideous success of Hitler's mystical "Mein Kampf" should have warned Ludwig against. The book has much to say about Roosevelt's cleverness as a politician. But it says very little about the President's one serious political blunder, the indefensible circumlocution and indirection of Homer Cummings' Court-packing plan. It is very uncritical of the phenomenon of the NRA. And there are little annoying mistakes: Ludwig says erroneously that Theodore Roosevelt lost his first election campaign, and he confuses Coolidge with John W. Davis, Justice McReynolds with a Justice "Reynolds," and John Nance Garner as Speaker of the House with a "Senator" Garner. These mistakes are immaterial, and should have been caught in the Viking Press office. Of more import is the failure to discuss the possible consequences of a cloudy foreign policy that may lead the United States into war, or into paying for a war by the short-sighted means of a huge European debt. In most places Ludwig is sound in his adulation of Roosevelt; here he is not.

Since he is primarily an analyst of character, not an analyst of society, Ludwig is at his happiest in writing about the formative years of his subject. His selection of anecdote is unerring. As a young student in Germany Louis Brandeis was horrified to learn that whistling after dark was *verboten;* this first experience with the spirit of the police-state was enough to make Brandeis a democrat forever. The young Franklin D. Roosevelt had a similar experience

[1] Roosevelt: A Study in Fortune and Power, by Emil Ludwig. New York: The Viking Press. 362 pages. $3.

The Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt, with a Special Introduction and Explanatory Notes by President Roosevelt. Edited by Samuel I. Rosenman. New York: Random House. 5 volumes; 3,620 pages. $15.

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in Germany; there, at the age of fourteen, he was arrested four times in one day: once for picking cherries in a country road, once for wheeling his bicycle into the waiting room of a railroad station, and twice for crimes equally piddling. No American who has had such an experience in adolescence could ever make an effective dictator.

Sometimes Ludwig hits upon a revealing illustration of a trait and then fails to make the most of it. An example is the anecdote of the time when the youthful Franklin, racing to catch a train in Boston, ran full-tilt into an Italian boy and knocked him down. The friends of the Italian boy came rushing up, and Roosevelt, to get away, pulled a propitiatory dollar from his pocket. Whereupon the crowd shouted "bribery," and threatened to muss up the young aristocrat. Finally Franklin grabbed his valise, made a quick break, and climbed out of the reach of fists just as the train was moving out. "The whole trouble," he said later, "was that I didn't solve the problem. I tried to dodge it by creating a diversion. That doesn't work. I'll never try it again." But, as Ludwig fails to say, he did try it again, with the "diversion" of the circumlocutory Court bill. And again it didn't work. Whereas a straight-out attack on the Court, as counseled by Tom Corcoran and Bob Jackson, would have had the moral prestige to get the necessary votes.

Early in 1932 Walter Lippmann wrote of Roosevelt that he "is a highly impressionable person without a firm grasp of public affairs and without very strong convictions . . . an amiable man with many philanthropic impulses, but he is not the dangerous enemy of anything. He is too eager to please." That was a rather general impression at the time. But Roosevelt had his "Dutch" in him long before 1932, as Ludwig notes. When he was a state senator in Albany in the days before the World War, Roosevelt had led an insurgent Democratic revolt against the organization choice of Blue-Eyed Billy Sheehan for United States Senator. Mauritz Hallgren objects that Roosevelt, in fighting Sheehan, didn't know that he was in reality fighting a bankers' clique. But Roosevelt did know he was fighting against the choice of a man whose interests were exclusively metropolitan. Roosevelt, the squire from the land, wanted a better balance between city and country interests in his Senator. The germ of the New Deal, which was designed primarily to even things up between the plutocratic city and the impoverished country, between metropolitan East and plundered South and West, can be discovered in this early fight.

The first volume of "The Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt," edited by the President's friend and mentor, Samuel I. ("Sammy the Rose") Rosenman, confirms Ludwig's judgment that Roosevelt knew the identity of his enemies when he was Governor of New York State. Was Al Smith's successor at Albany an "amiable" philanthropist in his attitude toward the use of state power by unrestricted privately owned public utilities? Roosevelt's speeches and messages on the subject do not exactly pulse with an "eagerness" to please Hopson or Insull or any of the old utility kings. His record on labor legislation as Governor is thoroughly progressive; so is his record on housing, on the relief of unemployment and on rural land utilization. The New Deal was implicit in practically all his speeches and activities as Governor; even the word "stabilization"—the *ignis fatuus* that led to the NRA—crops up in a couple of reports on industry. Only one speech of his pre-presidential years can live to plague Roosevelt, and that is the "Campaign Address on the Federal Budget," delivered at Pittsburgh on October 9, 1932. In that speech he accused Hoover, horror of horrors, of having unbalanced the budget. But, in justice to Roosevelt, the accusation boils down to this: the Republicans had been lax about using the taxing power to reduce the national debt when they had the chance, and they had even refunded money to the corporations. Roosevelt's own idea even then was more or less John Maynard Keynes's: balance the budget when you can, reduce the debt when you can, but forget the orthodox banker's idea of governmental finance when relief requirements demand it.

Much has been made in the reviews of the style of Roosevelt's papers and addresses. Probably most of the comments were naïve, as General Hugh S. Johnson observed in a column written on the President's stable of ghost writers. Nevertheless, there is a uniform and distinctly Rooseveltian tone to most of the President's words. If he depends for his basic material on Tom Corcoran and Bob Jackson, Leon Henderson and Donald Richberg, Ben Cohen and Judge Rosenman, he most certainly edits them severely. There are both candor and punch in most of the addresses, and there is a uniform friendliness for the people who do the work of the world. And if there is occasional contradiction, it must be remembered that all politicians are brokers, even when they become President.

Ludwig makes the point that Franklin, like his fifth-cousin Teddy, is a pragmatist rather than a philosopher concerned with universal ultimates. That is the source of his great agility as a political ringmaster, about which oceans of ink have been spilled. This last winter the New Deal cause seemed hopeless, and Roosevelt himself was causing untold annoyance to the chafing Bob La Follette by sticking to deflationary politics when people all over the country were suffering. However, Roosevelt's adventure with deflation was politically salutary: by giving in to the budget-balancers for some six months, Roosevelt put himself in a position to say: "See, I took your deflationary advice, and look what happened. Another depression." When he ultimately decided to act he turned the flank of the congressional conservatives with wonderful speed.

And yet the consummate sense of political timing that is Roosevelt's has its dangers. There is a certain sense of vagueness about the President's long-term program. The New Deal is necessarily based on three things, which may be summed up in the symbols of AAA, NLRB and Relief. Two of these—AAA and Relief—are only stop-gaps. They feed people in trouble, but they do not result in giving farm tenants or unemployed workers a new *productive* stake in the economy. In putting his emphasis on making production available to everybody, Phil La Follette has shrewdly entered his bid for post-Rooseveltian power. Phil had better not try for the presidency in 1940, which is too soon for his medicine, but the New Dealers who look him askance should reflect that stop-gap measures, while politically necessary now, won't serve forever.

Roosevelt has properly recognized the right of everyone to consume in a rich country where there is plenty to go round. But how the indigent and the disinherited are to

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be rehabilitated as producers he does not say. Rexford Tugwell, who had the glimmering of an idea in Rural Resettlement, is no longer in the government service. Whether the anti-monopoly study will serve as the basis for an answer is anybody's guess. But sooner or later we shall return to the problem. The question of the railroads must be solved, and this involves making a choice between the interests of industry and labor on the one hand and the claims of the *rentier* class on the other. The rural proletariat must be appeased, and this may mean land expropriation and a law setting acreage-ownership at a limit, as in Czechoslovakia. (Thad Stevens' slogan, "forty acres and a mule," is still a good slogan.) The really hard work of steering a sane course between Old Guard reaction and a disastrous breakdown into Revolution (which the Communists can't win) is still to be done. And as long as Roosevelt listens to people like Donald Richberg, whose advice actually boils down to a free hand for monopolists, duopolists and oligopolists, the present administration will not get around to beginning that work.

There remains the alternative of war, or of financing a boom through armaments. That might save Roosevelt's face as a politician, but it could only kill the New Deal, as the World War killed Wilson's New Freedom. Besides, it would write Franklin D. Roosevelt into history as just another Pied Piper. For the one certain prediction that can be made is that the world which emerges from the next war will be such that no true liberal—and no true New Dealer—will want to live in it. In analyzing Roosevelt's character Ludwig has much to say about the President's love for the sea and ships. But he glosses over the problem raised by any lurking yen in the ex-Assistant Secretary of the Navy to move ships about the chessboard of the five oceans in the interests of advancing a morality which half the world has never shown signs of welcoming. I would trust Roosevelt with inordinate power on the home front; I would trust him with none at all in foreign affairs. But assuming that the Second World War is still five years away, one can only echo one of Damon Runyon's characters and ask: "Tell me, judge, who yuh got better than Roseyfelt?"

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Some Do Not

Youth and Sex: A Study of 1,300 College Students, by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley and Florence Haxton Britten. New York: Harper and Brothers. 316 pages. $3.

FIRST OF ALL it is to be said that this book represents an expert investigation in a field hedged about with private reticences and public prepossessions. The authors collected by questionnaire evidence in regard to sex experience from 1,088 students, resident at 46 colleges, and supported the results by personal visits to 15 colleges and personal interviews with 154 women undergraduates and 122 men. The questionnaire is a model of its kind, and the authors have shown discrimination in allowing for the suppression of testimony in regard to disease, pregnancy and abortion on the one hand, and for a certain tendency to bravado and exhibitionism on the other. In general the students were honest and frank in coöperating in a study dealing with a problem of utmost importance to them. The authors showed good judgment in ignoring college authorities, who, with rare exceptions, exhibit lack of knowledge of the subject and of common sense in dealing with it. Only at one institution, a woman's college in the East, did the president favor distribution of the questionnaire; only at one institution, also a woman's college in the East, was found anything like an adequate course dealing with sex and marriage.

As was to be expected, the inquiry marks a great change in mores since the beginning of the century. Of the 772 girls consulted 580 were virgins, but of these 287 expressed approval of pre-marital intercourse under certain conditions. Of the boys nearly half (285) were virgin, but three-quarters of the entire group disclaimed any right to insist on virginity in the girls they married. Indeed, such insistence was more common among the youths who were themselves least continent. Forty-six of the girls and 146 of the boys had sexual intercourse in high school. The authors have broken down their total figures into six groups for each sex, varying from the uninitiated to the promiscuous. Of the 25 percent of non-virgin girls, 11 percent are classed as "loving," 9 percent as "experimenters," 3½ percent as "sowers of wild oats," ½ percent homosexually inclined, ½ percent remorseful, and ½ percent married. Of the 52 percent of initiated boys the authors classify 21 percent as "hot bloods," and 31 percent as "moderates." Of the latter 3 percent are homosexual variants.

The chief reasons for the change in sexual habits are three. The first is undoubtedly the economic situation. Since early marriage is for most young people impossible, and those who become engaged while in college must look forward to years of waiting afterwards, the temptation to cut short the period of self-denial is strong. The second is the growth of urban conditions surrounding colleges. In large city institutions supervision of the private lives of students is impossible, especially in view of a conflict of jurisdiction between college and home. Finally, the automobile has extended the range of freedom of action. It has also increased the practice of "hot petting." Undoubtedly, of the girls reporting themselves as technically virgins, a number belong to the demi-vierge type, or as the ladies elegantly put it, "have nibbled at the sweet fruit of intimacy without daring to pluck it from the tree."

The most interesting portion of the book is the record of personal reasons for conduct—comment often pathetically naïve, sometimes very wise. The part which religion plays in determining restraint is notably small. Timidity and lack of opportunity figure largely. One student remarks after citing several reasons for his continence: "Also, I am quite convinced that any of the girls I would want to ask would refuse." A girl notes: "The only reason for sexual experience before marriage is to make possible a happier marriage when the time comes."

In assessing the physical results of college intimacies the number of cases of disease seems surprisingly small. The 470 boys knew of 400 abortions and 200 forced marriages. In view of the tragic cases cited by the authors in "Paying the Piper," their recommendation to college authorities that full instructions be given students in regard to contraceptives, pregnancy tests and prophylactic treatment seems to be justified on purely humanitarian grounds.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

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Granville Hicks's America

I Like America, by Granville Hicks. New York: Modern Age Books. 216 pages. 50 cents.

IT WOULD BE a great thing for America if every worker and unemployed person could read and study this book; and it seems almost imperative that the ten million members of the "middle middle class" whom Hicks actually addresses should absorb its meaning. For "I Like America" is significant even from a viewpoint far less socialistic than the author's own. It is written for that section of the population whose normal incomes range from $1,500 to $6,000 or so—that group of professional workers and small business people who are important because they might easily be duped by fascism, although they *ought* to labor for the extension of democracy. Second, in its clarity and simplicity, in its personal, persuasive style, it is genuinely designed for mass circulation. And finally, Hicks has done a masterly job of condensing into one short book the vital facts about American life too often buried in census reports, economic surveys and books in various limited fields, from "The Chart of Plenty" to "America's Sixty Families."

Developing from a healthy, personal core—the author's deep-rooted love of New England and the soil, his love of the American tradition—the theme expands into a description of the America that exists today contrasted with the America that is possible tomorrow. Starvation, indecent housing and police terror come alive in these pages, for Hicks knows how to make statistics real in terms of human living. But the picture of the America of the future is just as soberly grounded in economic fact; and there is a fine analysis of "individualism," in an era already collective in everything but planned control.

REBECCA PITTS

Behind the War in China

Japan in China, by T. A. Bisson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 427 pages. $3.

HERE AT LAST is a book that can be recommended without reservation as the most authoritative study of the present Far Eastern conflict—its background, development to date and the forces that tend to determine its probable outcome. As the Far Eastern expert of the Foreign Policy Association, Mr. Bisson has been following developments in China and Japan for the last decade. "Japan in China" is distinguished by those qualities of thoroughness, objectivity, keen sense of the essentials and care in regard to details that have made his Foreign Policy Reports so useful. It puts into compact form what has been scattered in hundreds of books and magazine articles and thousands of newspaper items. It includes much unpublished material gathered from his travels and first-hand investigations in China and, in addition, arranges all his facts in a consistent pattern that reveals a basic understanding of the fundamental factors and forces underlying the multitude of surface events in the Far East.

In three long chapters, Mr. Bisson analyzes the internal crisis in Japan since 1930 and brings out clearly the intimate relation between Japan's drive toward fascism at home and her policy of aggression abroad. The sharpening of internal conflict in Japan found expression in the intensely heated controversy over the London Naval Treaty, the rise of the fascist movement and the rapid advancement of Araki, Mazaki and the "young colonels" such as Itagaki and Doihara. The chief landmarks of this growing conflict were the assassination of Premier Inuki on May 15, 1932, which "sounded the death-knell of party government," and the fascist *Putsch* of February 26, 1936, which, though a failure, resulted in placing power in the hands of conservative militarists, who proceeded "to work for militarist-fascist objectives from the top."

In direct contrast to Japan, China in the last few years has been steadily moving toward internal unity on the basis of a democratic national front and resistance to foreign invasion. Mr. Bisson traces this development in detail from the student patriotic movement of 1935 down to the recent Emergency Congress of the Kuomintang. This congress, by establishing a National Advisory Council that embraces all parties and by granting to the Chinese people freedom of speech, assembly and organization, clearly marked the direction of development in China. To understand this basic contrasting tendency in the internal development of China and Japan is to grasp the most fundamental and most important single fact in the whole Far Eastern situation.

In tracing the historical development of the Sino-Japanese conflict, Mr. Bisson wisely starts with the Tangku Truce of 1935. In two chapters he gives us a most detailed and comprehensive survey of Japanese aggression in China from 1933 to 1937, a period of unspectacular but persistent pressure, usually skimmed over by popular writers because of its relative dullness, but of great importance in the march of events that led to the war. The war itself is dealt with in four chapters, containing much new material gathered by the author in North China. He gives a systematic account of the military campaigns until April, and discusses the economic and political as well as the military factors that are shaping the course of events. Here is his judgment as to the probable development of the war:

> The test of strength, as between China and Japan, pits two qualitatively different techniques and objectives against each other. For Japan the supreme objective must continue to be a smashing victory, and collapse of the opponent's morale and will to resist. Only a swift triumph, thorough enough to permit the withdrawal of excessively large forces of occupation, will leave an economic margin sufficient to balance its books. . . . For China there is the necessity of maintaining a stubborn refusal to admit defeat in the face of overwhelming devastation and apparent disaster. The sources of such a spirit are reinforced by the objectives of the struggle. . . . The advantage in this regard clearly rests with China. It may well turn the scales.

The book contains a unique chapter on the puppet state of Manchukuo which, both as a journalistic scoop and as a most revealing study of Japanese colonial policy, deserves special mention. The author brings out the fact that 60 percent of the positions in the three upper grades of the civil service are filled by Japanese and that Japanese not only dominate the Manchukuo government but actually take charge of large parts of the actual routine administra-

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tion. He also gives concrete data exposing the prevalence of forced labor, increase of opium acreage and opium traffic, the decline by half of educational expenditures by the government since 1931, and the general decline in the standard of living of the Manchurian people, despite the increase in Japanese trade and investment. In order to combat the anti-Japanese armed volunteers, who are officially designated as bandits, the Japanese authorities instituted in 1936 a system of "protected villages," into which rebellious farmers were concentrated after their outlying farm houses were burned to the ground. But despite these measures of suppression, the Manchurian anti-Japanese volunteer movement has grown to significant proportions. Today, as Bisson concludes, "the military struggle waged by the Manchurian volunteers is no longer an isolated affair. It constitutes the northernmost front of a united war of liberation by the Chinese people." CH'AO-TING CHI

Fair Enough

Coming from the Fair, by Norah Hoult. New York: Covici, Friede. $2.50.

NORAH HOULT'S NOVEL studies a Dublin family that went to pieces between the death of the father in 1903, and 1933; and indirectly it reflects the life of Ireland in that period. Dublin, the Holy Church and politics, politics, politics are in it. But pace and emphasis are uneven (here minute-detail writing, there quick summaries of large events), and not only do members of the family drop abruptly out of sight, but things like the War and the Terror take their places in the pattern only as shadows of fragmentary gossip. The novel loses pressure and its purpose becomes vague—indeed the closing section seems to be the end of a different book entirely.

The man in the foreground is Charlie O'Neill, who has one try at carrying on his father's cattle trading and spends the rest of his days in snugs and kips, turning the family fortune into whiskey and his own dissolution, finally death. The younger brother gets a job but is killed in the War; Lucie becomes a nurse and is ruined. The best of them is Margaret, but she married a Protty and dies unshriven. The mother survives all the cruel blows and is spry and mellow when we last see her at seventy, the one clear spirit of the book, neither embittered nor debauched.

The parts where the writing is most natural and vivid as a picture come when people are walking the streets with their thoughts and troubles, or gathered together in a close ring of light—at dinner, at a bar, in a room of the house. On these impulses, moods, parties and rows Norah Hoult is at her best. And it is a good best because she has that double gift of penetrating the essential feeling of a thing, and being able to express the sound and color of it (there are few enough writers—let alone lady writers—who can do the smoke and boasting and dizzy swagger of the bar in a poor community, and make it real and make it show the community life it is a key to). This perception and this writing skill, at large through the book, are the reason why some idea of Ireland, a whole country in a period of time, persists in it and makes you forgive its faults. OTIS FERGUSON

New Books: A Reader's List

THE FORBIDDEN GROUND, by Neil H. Swanson (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). Historical frontier fiction (1778 in the wilds of Minnesota) trimmed with such accessories as scalping parties, nick-of-time rescues, elaborate intrigue and a running footnote of romance. Its hero is a dashing Rebel whose cloak of invulnerability consists of arrogant skill in passing himself off as an entire regiment.

THE BLUE BED, by Glyn Jones (Dutton, $2). Short stories about the bitterness, the dogged struggles, the futile rebellions of Welsh colliers. Scenes of pain and ugliness in a web of luxurious prose, its metaphors so profuse that they often clog and obscure the narrative. The novelette about a revolutionary uprising is the best of the lot.

MINGLED YARN, by Willie Snow Ethridge (Macmillan, $2.50). About a Georgia textile city during the twenties. The conventional daughter of a wealthy mill owner marries a young liberal newspaperman, and their love story moves through a series of conflicts over the labor question, the Klan, the Supreme Kingdom. Not deeply or brilliantly done, but a sound and honest novel about real people.

TO BEG I AM ASHAMED, by Sheila Cousins (Vanguard, $2). Supposedly the confessions of a high-class London prostitute, for the most part sounding true. There is no breast-beating, and the prose is not lurid but matter-of-fact. The psychological sidelights (unintentional) are good. A more dreary cast of characters, though, it would be hard to round up, in fiction or life.

German Universities and National Socialism

By EDWARD Y. HARTSHORNE

"A comprehensive and balanced survey of what has happened to the German universities. The author shows clearly how the whole of higher education has been brought into harmony with the National Socialist *Weltanschauung.*"—*Foreign Policy Bulletin.* $2.00

School Histories at War

By ARTHUR WALWORTH

Contrasts in the comments on our wars in secondary school histories of our own and opposing countries. "A pleasingly disturbing little book."—*Boston Herald.* $1,25

George Mason Constitutionalist

By HELEN HILL

"Attractively written, finely proportioned with just the right balance between background and personality, with a scholarship that does not exclude a lifelike portrait of the man, this life of George Mason is sure to become a standard work."—B. J. Hendrick in *The Atlantic.* $3.50

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
Publishers of the Loeb Classical Library
Randall Hall Cambridge, Mass.

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MEN WITHOUT WORK, a survey sponsored by the Pilgrim Trust, with an Introduction by the Archbishop of York, and a Preface by Lord Macmillan (Macmillan, $3). A sober, thorough investigation, in the best social workers' tradition, of the problem of the long unemployed in England.

THE ENGLISH HERITAGE, by Rex Welldon Finn (Reynal and Hitchcock, $2.50). Pleasantly written for the intelligent layman, this book supplements the tourist guidebooks that direct a traveler to Stonehenge or a Norman abbey, but tells him little about the period that produced them. Chapters on the legacy of the Celts, Norsemen, Saxons, Normans and Puritans, rich in architectural detail.

SNOW ON THE EQUATOR, by H. W. Tilman (Macmillan, $3). A little about the author's job of flax and coffee culture and a good deal about his diversion of mountain climbing in equatorial Africa. An expert who has since graduated to the exploration of Mt. Everest and Nanda Devi, Mr. Tilman makes mountain climbing sound like a nice sensible pastime for anyone—an illusion the accompanying photographs promptly dispel.

KINDLING, by Nevil Shute (Morrow, $2.50). In defense of big business men even when they're crooked. An English banker reshuffles his values and decides to revive shipping in a town that has grown rusty from unemployment. His enterprise hinges on shady business, swindling of stockholders and a term in prison; but the town thrives for all of that. An ingenious tale that coasts along briskly on a roadbed of utter nonsense.

Contributors

HAMILTON BASSO has recently returned from Southern Europe, where he spent the winter.

FELICE SWADOS, a native of Buffalo and a graduate of Smith College, is studying political and labor conditions in the maritime and steel industries.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT is the author of, among other books, "French Perspectives," "Shadow Shapes," "Fire Under the Andes" and "As Short as Any Dream."

KENNETH PATCHEN, who has contributed poetry to a number of magazines, is the author of "Before the Brave," published by Random House.

HANNA SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON, a leader of the Irish feminist movement, has been for many years in close touch with the political developments in her native country. She is a lecturer, dramatic and literary critic, assistant editor of the The Dublin Republic and editor of The Irish Citizen.

JOHN GROTH is a painter, illustrator and political cartoonist. He contributes to The Nation, Judge, Ken, Stage and several other periodicals.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, formerly the daily book reviewer for The New York Times and now an editor of Fortune and a regular contributor to Scribner's, will write an extended review each week for The New Republic during the summer months.

REBECCA PITTS has contributed to numerous periodicals and is at present working on a book of critical studies.

CH'AO-TING CHI, lecturer on Far Eastern economics and politics at the New School for Social Research, is the author of "Key Economic Areas in Chinese History." He has just been awarded the Seligman prize of Columbia University for the most distinguished doctoral dissertation of the last three years.

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